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The All True National Sex News Magazine

FANNE FOXE INVADES THE MIAMI UNDERGROUND--

Our ace sleuth penetrates the sun-and-sin scene

CHERRY BOMB MAKES A MOVIE:

The Bionic Bosom (it's 60") makes her first loop--just for you!

COCKY: DAUGHTER OF ROCKY

There's carnage on canvas when boy beats girl

BASEMENT MAN

Rand Holmes's first color comic strip

COVERGIRL ALEXZANDRA:

This young queen's done everything.... everywhere and every which way!

A SCENE WITH MISS VICKIE LOU:

America's most beautiful dominant in words & pictures

"I WON'T DO ANIMALS OR DISMEMBERMENT!"

How our receptionist almost became The New Linda Lovelace

PLUS

GREAT AMERICAN CLITS (Part 1)

THE HUMILIATION OF MIMI

HONEYSUCKLE: Ballbuster's Etiquette

PAM-ANN SWANN: Coffee, Tea or Pink

THE CLAMMYS -- OUR PORNO-OSCARS

If you've been snoozing, boozing, bouncing about in padded cells, recovering from a lobotomy or otherwise incarcerated and have missed the last 8 issues of CHERI, here's what you bozos let slide by.

For the young at heart we offered:
"14-YEAR-OLD-WONDERGIRL" IN BONDAGE (AUG)
BOY SCOUT FUCKS OLDER WOMAN (SEPT)
FARM BOY SUCKS BREAST MILK (SEPT)
SUZETTE: PUNK ROCK'S SUPER GROUPIE (FEB)

You could have drooled over dork-diddling deformities like:
LONG JEANNE SILVER: NYMPHO WITH ONE LEG (FEB)
LOOSELIPS THE GIRL WHO TIES A KNOT WITH HER PUSSY LIPS (NOV)
HONEY MIDNIGHT: DEAF AND DOING IT FOR A DOLLAR (AUG)

We brought you the lowdown on the burlesque boogey:
MONICA KENNEDY: WHY SHE GOES DOWN ON HER AUDIENCE (MARCH)
TEQUILA: BOTTOMLESS DANCER SPREADS BUNS (FEB)
LIVE SEX ACT COUPLE (JAN)
PUBLIC PISSING ON THE BROADWAY STAGE (FEB)

We've reviewed porno queens, splayed and laid:
ANNIE SPRINKLE GETS DEEP FISTED (AUG)
C.J. LANG OPENS UP (APRIL)
JODY MAXWELL FROM THE FLOOR (AND BEDROOMS) OF THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION (DEC)
HONEYSUCKLE DIVINE: THE STORY OF HER BUST AND PHOTOS OF HER ACT (OCT)
DYANNE THORNE: HOT SPREADS OF ILSA, SHEWOLF OF THE SS
SUE FEELE: SUPERSTAR (DEC)

And for the well-rounded freaked-out total degenerates we supplied:
LIZ RAY: FIRST NUDES (AUG)
FANNE FOXE TELLS ALL (APRIL)
GIRL SUCKS COW (DEC)
CORPSE FUCKING (DEC)
PREGNANT GIRL GOBBLES COCK (SEPT)
HERE'S CUM IN YOUR EYE: THE ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES COLLECTION (AUG)
CHERRY BOMB: THE BIGGEST BOOBS EVER (APRIL)
THE FIRST ALL-COLOR R. CRUMB COMIC BOOK (DEC)

And for you painfully adoring readers we had:
THE INCREDIBLE MASOCHIST BLOODBATH (DEC)
BOOB BONDAGE (OCT)
BRUTE SUITS (OCT)

And now, for the first time, you can own your own complete collection of our spectacular CHERI ORCHARD columns, those words of wisdom by your favorite comelies, Honeysuckle, Liz, Roseanne, Maureen, Jody and the rest of the family.

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the best is yet to come . . .

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OUR GANG

Leaving behind a broken-hearted slew of lifeguards, beachboys and a handful of demented jai alai players, Fanne's whirlwind Miami weekend will be remembered for a long, long time. What a trip! Bag in hand and Tidal Basin Bomb by my side, we were sent down to Miami, the polyester paradise of our nation, to uncover the down and dirty in the way of oceanfront orgies and swinging singles scenes. First stop was checking into the Barcelona Hotel where we were welcomed by the entire senior citizens division of the United Jewish Appeal. Between this set of geriatric jet-setters and the bellboys who were eyeing Fanne whilst nervously fondling their pass keys I knew we were in for action. Actually, except for the momentary visions I had of Fanne being ravaged by a posse of half-crazed bellboys while I struggled, trapped in a mass Bingo tournament being held in the hotel lobby—the Miami mission was a spectacular Sex-Cess . . .

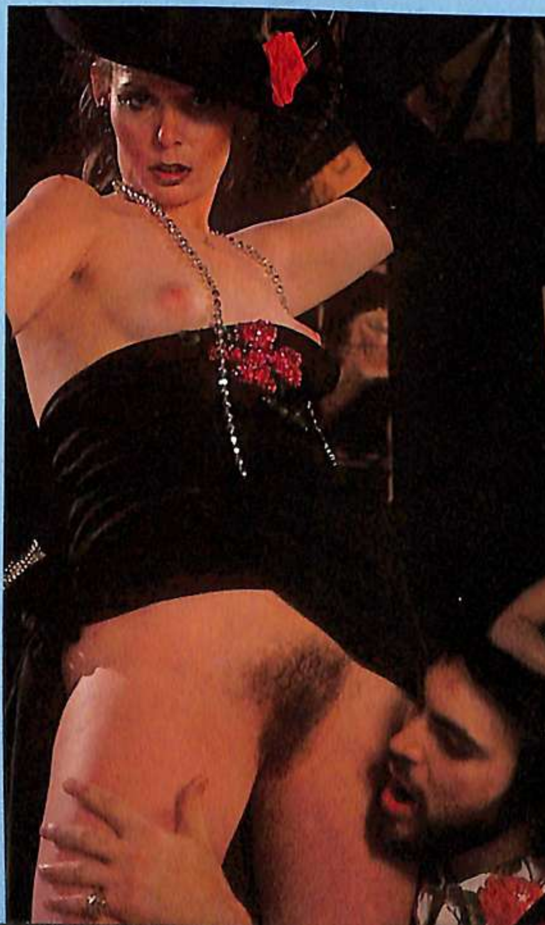
Bobi and Del, the king and queen of the Florida swing scene, were our unescorted escorts about town. We also managed to meet up with lovable deviates like Freaky Freddie, head honcho of the local nudie spa and Di Di Bang Bang, the Gayety Burlesque's answer to the Rockettes and Donny and Marie rolled into one. Before we left, the pervos were swarming out of the woodwork and we managed to meet them all.

Fanne's fanny is not the only item spread across our glossy pages. The splendiferous Cherry Bomb is back, (with her 60" front) after making some hot loops that'll revolutionize the industry. Here at CHERI we're submitting her for a special Oscar for Best Supporting Performance by a set of mammaries in a totally unsupportive role. Also this month we coerced Sue Feele into baring that long-promised pink PLUS we have a special treat for you freaks cruisin' for a bruisin'—the outrageously beautiful Miss Vicki in a spread that'll knock your eyes out, snap your legs off and kick your balls in . . .

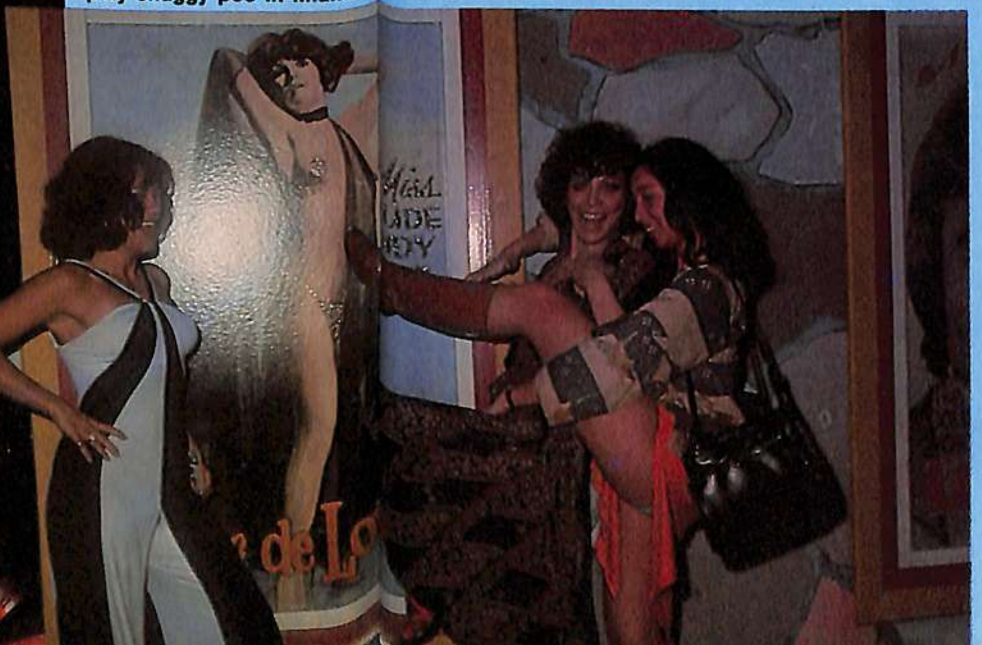
As in all our issues our cumly collection of CHERI columnists are back with some new additions—Pam-Ann, a true blue sexy stew, and hot Hazel Gravy our new lovely behind the main desk.

Linda and Carrol Bowman, the stars of the Kim Pope-Give-Away layout, dropped us a note to tell us that they're the major celebs of Odessa, Texas . . . why not, and we hear CJ the BJ is doing great in San Fran—congratulations. We're planning a bevy of beautiful, nubile nudies for the next issue so be sure to snap up your copies before someone more demented than you does—AMBERS.

Bobi of Miami's Playhouse 1, our guide to Beach City's swing world.



Suzanne LeBeau, our new swing columnist, with her man, Marc.



Gina DeLovett takes notes as Andrea Ambers and Fanne Foxe play snuggy-poo in Miami.

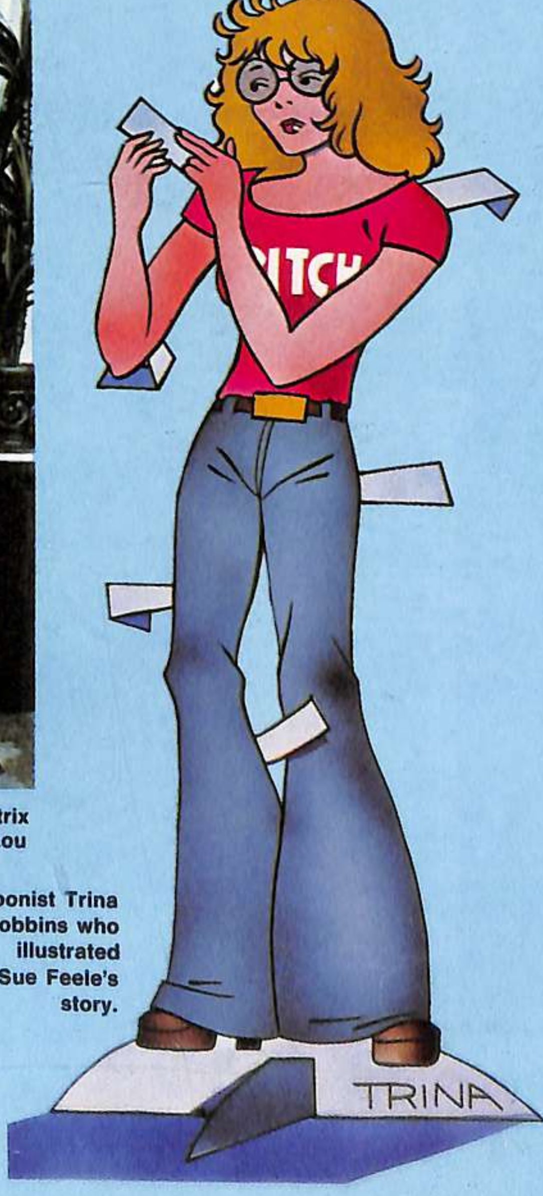
Editor Peter Wolff (left) directs Cheri Baum in her first movie role.

Rand ("Basement Man") Holmes as he appeared in a recent CHERI profile.

Sue Feele's revenge on Gerard Damiano, portrayed by Arthur Bordes.

Dominatrix Vicki Lou

Spiderman Arthur Bordes



Cartoonist Trina Robbins who illustrated Sue Feele's story.

NIPPY PHILLIPS

AMERI cheri

GREAT AMERICAN CLITS: PART I

Okay . . . so our Great American Tits Talent Hunt bombed out. We tried, we really did. We put out the call, loud and proud, that we were looking for chicks with really large lungs to feature on a monthly basis. We got zilched. In all, we came up with six girls and twelve tits—but not one lady was nominated by a reader, which was what the hunt was all about anyway. So now we've decided to give you guys out there a second chance. Our new search is for Great American Clits. Your "discovery" must (a) have a clit; (b) be willing to show it to our readers; (c) hail from a town with no more than a 100,000 population; and (d) must know you are entering her name in our contest (we don't want to be calling some little old lady in West Cupcake, Idaho, for pictures of her clitty!) To get the ball rolling, we've opened up a gal named Joyce James, the California model we used in "Veiled Virgin" last month and "Cocky" this issue. Next time around we hope to use an amateur. Help us out, huh?

AMERI

cheri

[redacted]

cocksucker blues

"The repercussions from your story on the $1000 Blowjob Contest (which my wife won) have really caused our family serious setbacks. We are, once again, at the starting line of the 'civil' race—with the reasonable certainty that we will not be allowed to run in this town again.

"What has happened is that Julie and I have been either expelled or asked to resign from: the Girl Scouts, VFW, political clubs, Sunday School, the ushers corps, and various civic councils. Julie was forced to leave her job, not by her employer, but by other people putting pressure on him.

"We have been all-but-excommunicated by our church. It is the biggest scandal ever to hit our town.

"To be honest, CHERI, delivered to the only porno store in town, is usually never sold out. In February, it sold out. Within hours. Every copy was sold out in every magazine store in every neighborhood for miles around.

"A local delicatessen operator bought the magazine in some place other than the local porno store. He recognized our picture and began the whispering campaign by showing his copy of the magazine to men in the sanitation department. These men, after reading the story, started a run on the magazine store in our town. The magazine store owner, realizing he had a hot local story on his hands, put a big sign in the window: 'Meet the Winner'. Word has it that *CHERI* was $10 a copy by this time.

"It also appears that the porno store owner's wife added fuel to the fire by making sure the good gossip got well spread around.

"We began receiving phone calls—not the most civil kind, either, from women who would not identify themselves but who, judging by what they said, were in influential positions in various groups.

"To go on with the description of our family's slow death in a blow-by-blow fashion is to open a can of snakes. Everything Pandora let out of the box grew and prospered like a green mold.

"But, you'll recall, Hope never fled Pandora's box. Nor has it fled our lives. We continue to hope to be able to continue the good things we have begun—while our tormentors must hope that no one will uncover and accuse them of things they think no one knows about.

"With the greatest appreciation and love, we must say that there are people we have as friends who have stuck by us and have tried to cool the scandal. Basically they believe in a live-and-let-live philosophy—'it's your life, you live it.' Those who love us, who've seen scandals in this town flare and die, remind us that 'this too shall pass.'

"An interesting side note to all this is that the person who started making all the calls will now find that everyone—except the few vicious helpmates in her own snakepit—will stop telling her anything for fear of being the object of her gossip. We all know who she is. We only pray that she has not begun an avalanche of witch hunts.

"Tobacco Road? Peyton Place? Main Street? You bet! Real-life stories, especially many we here know, are always more juicy than the book. Who among us can say that he/she is not hiding something scandalous in their own lives?

"Even though control of our anger and hurt is very difficult, we still love those who hate us, and would never do them any harm. This is one of the lessons we, as Sunday school teachers, taught to our own six children—as well as many of *their* children—every Sunday morning. Not because we had a lesson plan to follow, but because Julie and I believe The Word. We have given love and help to people in a town that no longer finds us acceptable as neighbors. Their memories seem very short.

"One of the most frequently asked questions is, 'Why did you do this layout for *CHERI*? What was your motivation?' Ironically, it was the money.

"Because of bank bills against an ex-husband, there was a $1000 judgment against Julie. The sheriff was at our door. In credit circles we were regarded as deadbeats.

"We tried all possible means to find Julie's ex-husband. None worked. Yet there are people in this very town who know his whereabouts and have steadfastly refused to help us. So we were forced to seek extraordinary means to satisfy his debts.

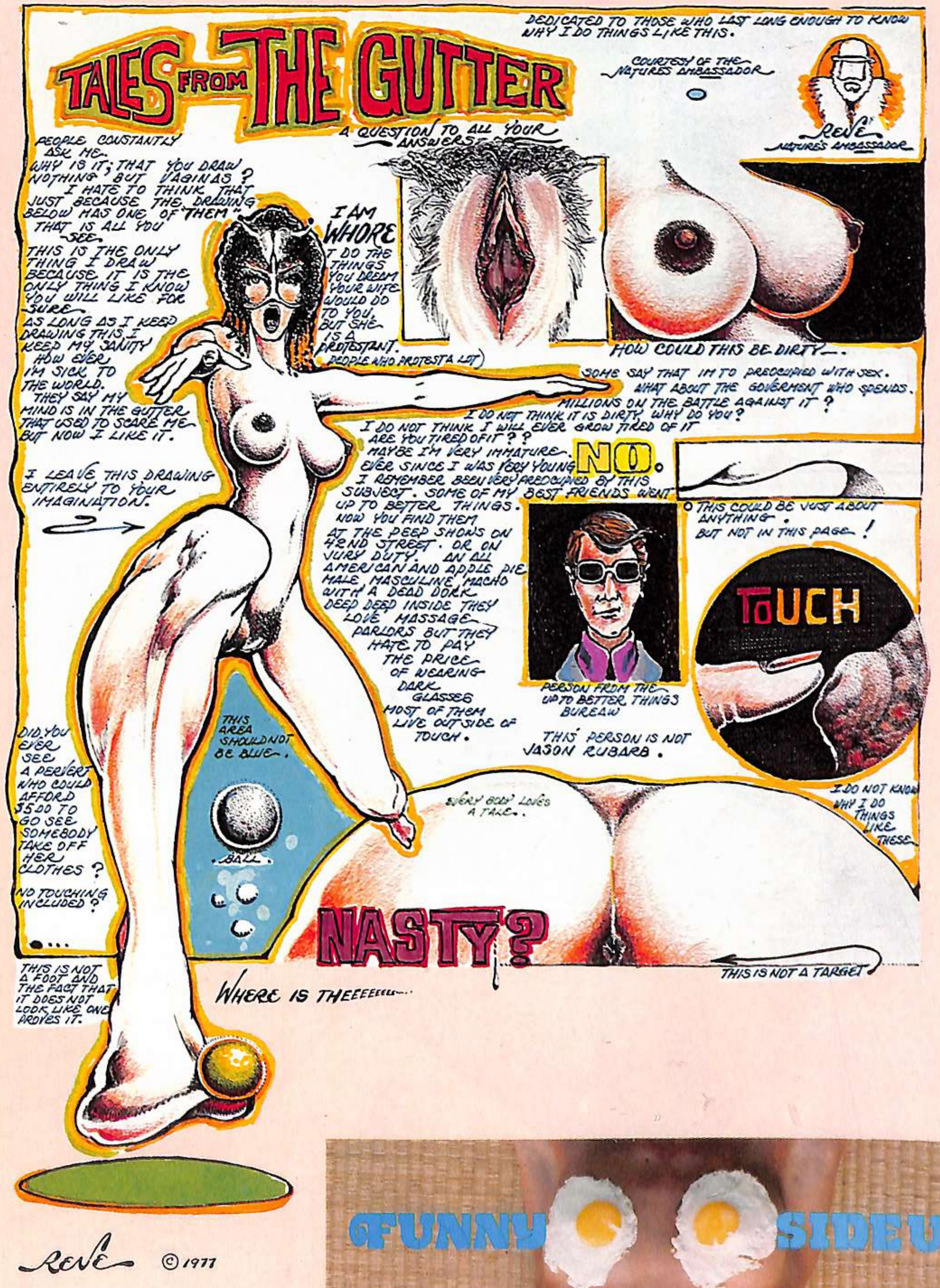
"While Julie's ex-husband is allowed to run free, this town has set about crucifying us—even though they left us very few alternatives.

"This trial by our peers has left us closer as a couple than we have ever been. The juice from the gossip has cemented our family. The shock and hate of others has made us even more rock steady. We wonder how many other families this kind of scandal has helped to glue together. . . .

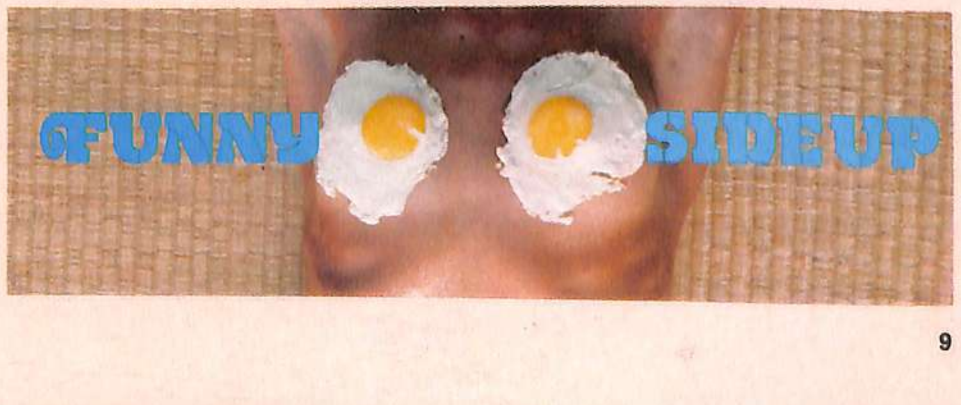
"With best wishes to all, Chad and Julie Benson."

REDEEMING SOCIAL VALUE

"Your February issue has a very interesting article on the sex life of an amputee whose name, or pseudonym, is Jeanne Silver. I am writing a book entitled "The Total Rehabilitation of the Amputee." In the chapter on the psychology of the amputee, I have some discussion on the sex life of the amputee. As you are undoubtedly aware, many people are repulsed by deformity. Some people with deformities consider themselves repulsive, even though they may not be. . . . I would appreciate it if you would send me a copy of your centerfold and permission to publish it in my book. I would also appreciate a 35mm slide for use in my lectures on the subject. Any further information you can provide will be greatly appreciated. Sincerely, Lawrence Friedman, M.D., Chairman, Dept. of Rehabilitation Medicine, Nassau County Medical Center."


TALES FROM THE GUTTER
DEDICATED TO THOSE WHO LAST LONG ENOUGH TO KNOW WHY I DO THINGS LIKE THIS.
COURTESY OF THE NATURES AMBASSADOR
RENE NATURE'S AMBASSADOR
A QUESTION TO ALL YOUR ANSWERS
PEOPLE CONSTANTLY ASK ME. WHY IS IT; THAT YOU DRAW NOTHING BUT VAGINAS? I HATE TO THINK THAT JUST BECAUSE THE DRAWING BELOW HAS ONE OF "THEM" THAT IS ALL YOU SEE.
THIS IS THE ONLY THING I DRAW BECAUSE IT IS THE ONLY THING I KNOW YOU WILL LIKE FOR SURE
AS LONG AS I KEEP DRAWING THIS, I KEEP MY SANITY HOW EVER I'M SICK TO THE WORLD.
THEY SAY MY MIND IS IN THE GUTTER THAT USED TO SCARE ME BUT NOW I LIKE IT.
I LEAVE THIS DRAWING ENTIRELY TO YOUR IMAGINATION.
I AM WHORE I DO THE THINGS YOU DREAM YOUR WIFE WOULD DO TO YOU, BUT SHE IS A PROTESTANT. (PEOPLE WHO PROTEST A LOT)
HOW COULD THIS BE DIRTY—.
SOME SAY THAT IM TO PREOCUPIED WITH SEX. WHAT ABOUT THE GOVERMENT WHO SPENDS. MILLIONS ON THE BATTLE AGAINST IT?
I DO NOT THINK IT IS DIRTY, WHY DO YOU?
I DO NOT THINK I WILL EVER GROW TIRED OF IT
ARE YOU TIRED OF IT??
MAYBE I'M VERY IMMATURE. NO.
EVER SINCE I WAS VERY YOUNG I REMEMBER BEEN VERY PREOCUPIED BY THIS SUBJECT. SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS WENT UP TO BETTER THINGS. NOW YOU FIND THEM AT THE PEEP SHOWS ON 42ND STREET. OR ON JURY DUTY. AN ALL AMERICAN AND APPLE PIE MALE, MASCULINE, MACHO WITH A DEAD DORK DEEP DEEP INSIDE THEY LOVE MASSAGE PARLORS BUT THEY HATE TO PAY THE PRICE OF WEARING DARK GLASSES MOST OF THEM LIVE OUT SIDE OF TOUCH.
PERSON FROM THE UP TO BETTER THINGS BUREAW
THIS PERSON IS NOT JASON RUBARB.
THIS COULD BE JUST ABOUT ANYTHING. BUT NOT IN THIS PAGE!
TOUCH
I DO NOT KNOW WHY I DO THINGS LIKE THESE.
EVERY BODY LOVES A TALE..
DID YOU EVER SEE A PERVERT WHO COULD AFFORD $5.00 TO GO SEE SOMEBODY TAKE OFF HER CLOTHES? NO TOUCHING INCLUDED?
THIS AREA SHOULD NOT BE BLUE.
BALL
NASTY?
THIS IS NOT A FOOT AND THE FACT THAT IT DOES NOT LOOK LIKE ONE PROVES IT.
WHERE IS THEEEEEE....
THIS IS NOT A TARGET

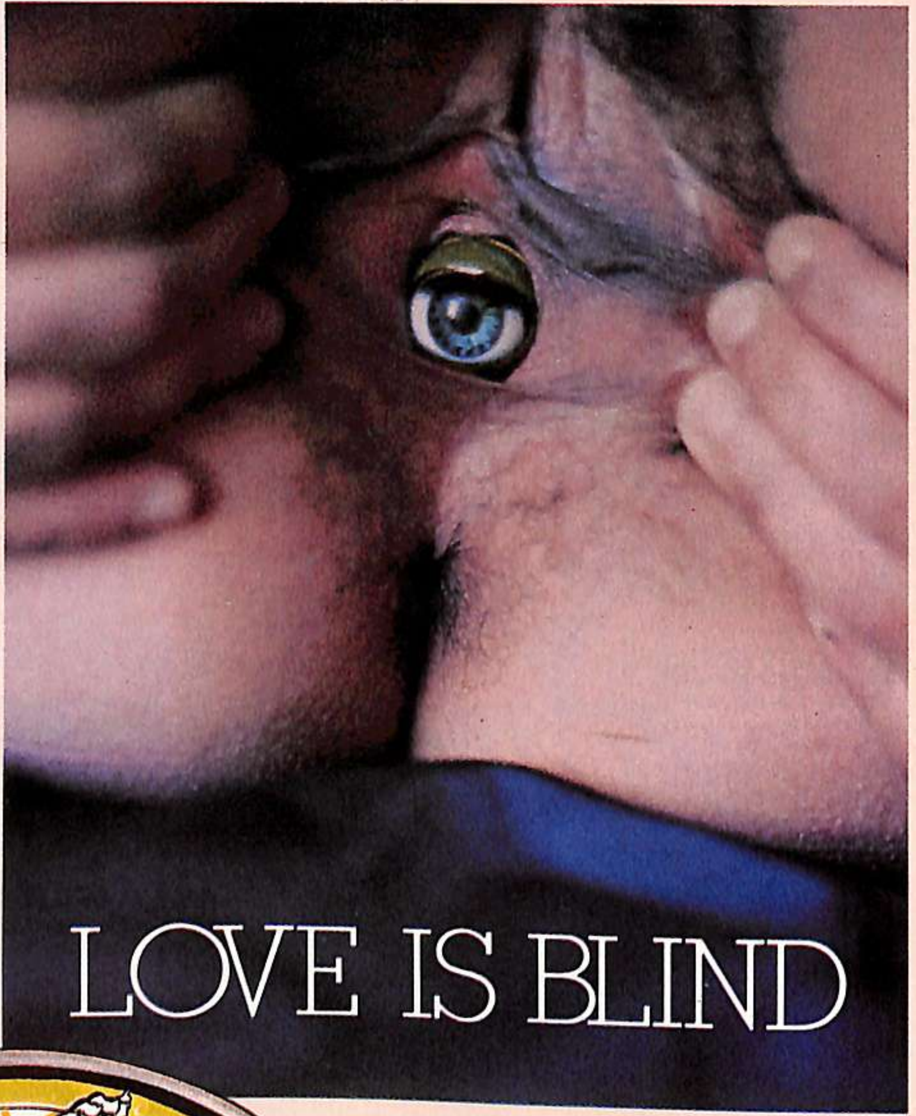
Rene ©1977


FUNNY SIDE UP

ROBERTO MORRISON

love is bind

You say you want to ram it up her butt and she just smiles and says, "Sick City!" You say you long to launch your log up to her rectum and she says, "Tell it to Fido, perv!" Is that what's troubling you bub? Well, your troubles are over. Our friends from the B/D brigade offer the above-displayed knotwork as the sure-fire way to keep her ready and able for anal intercourse, any hour of the day or night.



RENE MONCADA

annie's per verse

It's Cumming
Ooooooh . . .
OhGOD
ummmmm
ummmmmmmm!
"push harder!"
"that's it . . ."
SHIT!
Oh baaabyyyyy . . .
grrrr
"come on, baby!"
fukkkkkk
owwwwww
gh-gh-gh-gh
IT'S COMING!
Yeah,
that's it,
youcandoit. . . .
NownownowNOW
It's coming.
It hurts.
"It's a boy."
—*Annie Sprinkle*

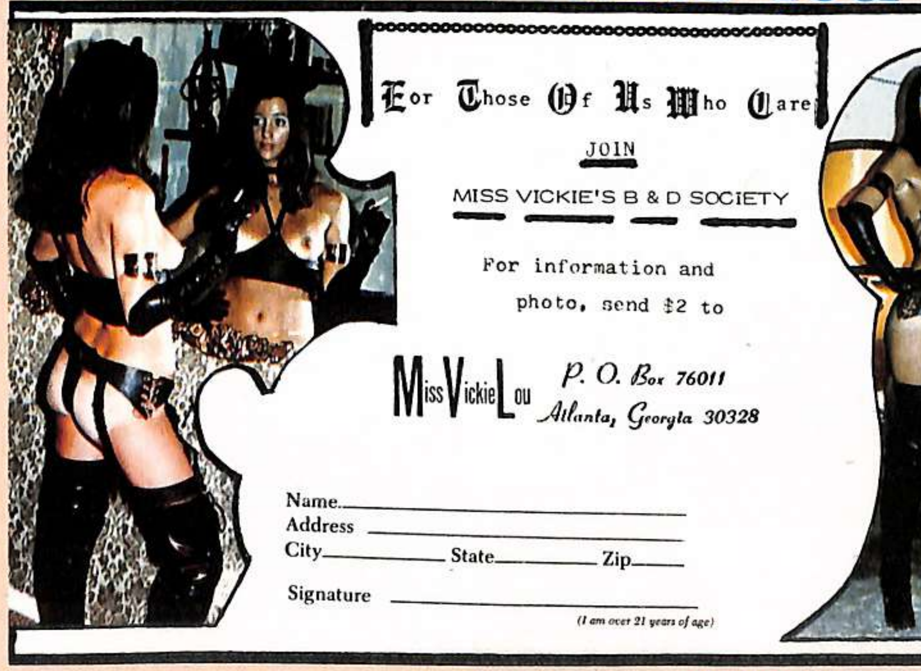
OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF COCKSUCKERS

Congratulations are in order for R.W. of Houston for nominating our second $1000 Blowjob semifinalist, Leila Loeb. The winning missive went as follows: "Lovingly, she kisses my lower back and runs her tongue down between my cheeks. Then, teasingly, she sucks and nips around my anus, stroking my penis. Suddenly, her tongue juts up my ass, sending chills all over my body. Gently, she kisses my penis until it's wet. Then she rotates her wet palm over the head of my peter while sucking my balls. Licking her way up over the head, she pulls her lips over her teeth, tightens her jaws and forces her mouth over the tip like the *tightest pussy ever made!* Next, she rams the whole shaft into her throat and rotates her tongue, sucking and ramming until I'm ready to cum. Rhythmically, she rotates her mouth and strokes with her fingers until I explode. She leaves my dick in her mouth, lovingly and gently until I'm hard again."

i was a greek grease monkey

WILLIAM PLIMPTON

Vickie Lou Wants You



For Those Of Us Who Care

JOIN

MISS VICKIE'S B & D SOCIETY

For information and
photo, send $2 to

Miss Vickie Lou
P. O. Box 76011
Atlanta, Georgia 30328

Name__________
Address__________
City__________ State__________ Zip__________
Signature__________
(I am over 21 years of age)

On page 54, you'll find the true story of what it's like to have a scene with Miss Vickie Lou, the glamorous man-beater whose comely limbs have graced many a personal ads section in recent years. Herewith, the voluptuous V. invites you to join her own Society. Tempting, isn't it.

AMERI cheri

ROBERTO MORRISON

one marpeenee, straight up

Why is it called a "marpeeni"? Because it's made with three parts gin to one part you know what. But the secret isn't in the ingredients, it's in the shaking, can you dig it? Try it some night after work. Have your old lady sit on the john, cocktail glass in hand. You stand over her, cock in hand. Aim carefully and fill the loving cup. Watch her slurp the warm and tangy libation. Passionate playmates have been known to get high merely on the bouquet. . . .

AMERI cheri

Cherry Bomb's ROCK WORLD

By CHERI BAUM

Helen Wheels

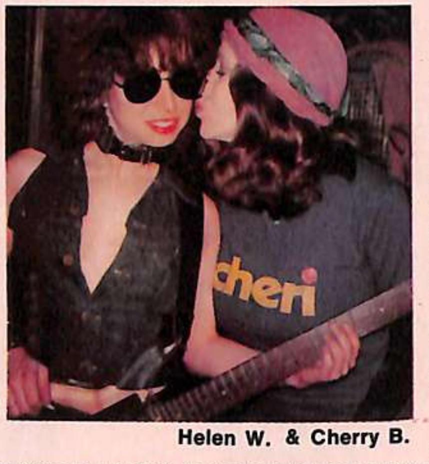
Everyone thinks that being a rock musician is the fastest way to hassle-free sex. Rumor has it that a band just plays its gig, strolls back to the dressing room, and opens the door to hordes of eager nymphets. Groupies often don't want personal involvement, they just want to reward their stud star for his performance. Usually the reward is almost always a blow job (most musicians are too tired to fuck after the show). Then, very conveniently, the chippie disappears into the night. For the star, it's on to the next town and/or piece of ass.

Well, this dream-suck way of life can be real—but only for a few of the top touring groups. For the majority it just ain't so. And the popular myth that all rock studs are great fucks—forget it! Lots of them, gorgeous or grotesque, are strictly limp city. And as exciting as pond water.

But don't get me wrong. I'm crazy about the star scene: some of the best ass I ever had the pleasure of fucking was of this breed. And I'm still on the prowl.

As if my own exploits weren't hot enough, I'm constantly inundated with stories from top groupie pals around the globe. One babe, who's toured extensively with many solid-gold American bands, found herself with a super-classy California group, in heavy lust after its sexiest member. First, though, she had her pussy pumped by the roadies, the manager and the rest of the boys in the band. When she'd finally fucked and sucked her way into the star's motel room, she got so hot, watching him strip, that she practically came. She ate his cock for almost an hour—but the stud, friends, was a dud. Holding in her laughter (she let it out later, on the phone, to me) she found herself out on her ass. The guy was a little short in the manners department, as well. The last laugh is the way his promo people play up his super-stud image on his album covers and press releases. All the cunts this turkey must've left soaking wet and hungry! Just because a guy looks macho stroking a guitar (a phallic pose if ever there was one) sure doesn't mean he cuts the cake.

What stands between a horny honey and her dream is, mostly, the roadies. These guys, lots of times, see much more sacktime than the group they're 'protecting.' I've been through many, many scenes with them, and sometimes got beat in the end. Take that as you will, fans. . . .


Helen W. & Cherry B.

You may notice that I'm lucky enough to be endowed with certain assets that take me close (and quickly) to those I choose. There have been babes who've sucked off entire road crews and *still* had to scale the walls to come in through the bathroom window. Nothing can keep a good groupie down—but there are some scenes that can *slow* her down. One poor lamb, snagging a supergroup, was bound to the bedposts and gagged at some point in the festivities. When the maid found her in the morning, the good woman must've puked her guts out at the sight: the girl who was so hot after rock royalty cock wound up with a dead, slimy mudshark hanging out of her hole.

****

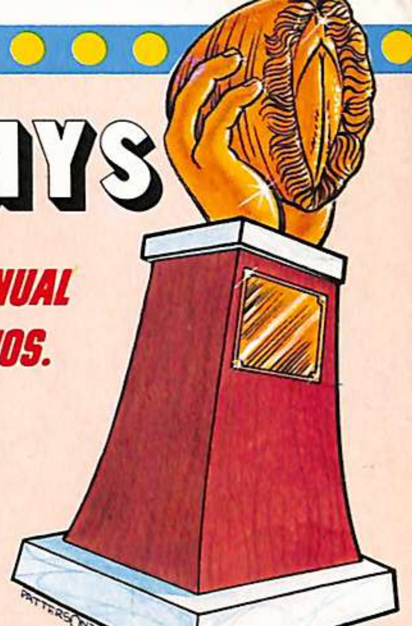
Who is Helen Wheels, you might ask, and what is her feisty little puss doing on this page? To warn you to watch out for her, is why. Punk rock, the hottest, wildest thing in New York right now, has spawned this leather lambkin from the lower East Side and it's only a matter of time before she makes her presence felt.

Helen is incredibly talented. So talented that she is almost a pain in the ass. Not only does she play a mean guitar and write all of her own songs ("Tattoo Vampire" and "Sinful Love" are featured on Blue Oyster Cult's monster "Agents of Fortune" album) but she designs leathers and tattoos for a lot of rock stars, too. She wears crotch-tight black leather pants which set off her rainbow wrist tattoo, which is in turn set off by the elegant coils of her magnificent five-foot red tailed boa constrictor. You could say she is an original.

Helen's freak brilliance keeps her moving swiftly through the rock opera of her life. Something electrified her a while back, maybe when she was living with the Cult out in Long Island, or maybe she was wandering through Europe getting her energy together, or maybe when she was working as an assistant tattoo artist in

(Continued on page 98)

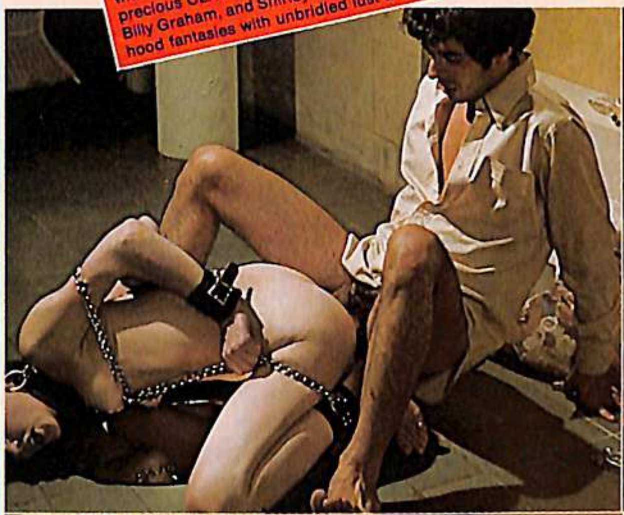
THE CLAMMYS



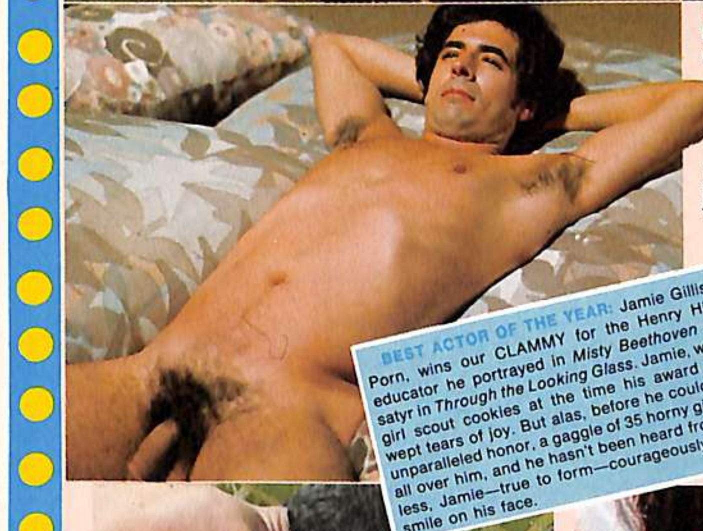
CHERI MAGAZINE'S FIRST ANNUAL ACADEMY AWARDS OF PORNOS.

BY BOB AMSEL

BEST MOVIE OF THE YEAR: The opening of Misty Beethoven bridged the gap between Hollywood and porn, as it gave new insight into what really happened between Professor Henry Higgins and his cockney wench. Although the names have been changed to protect the producer from copyright laws, the game's the same—as a lecherous educator turns a two-bit whore into a million dollar babe for hire. Although this light-hearted romp was rejected by Disney Studios, producer-director Henry Paris managed to raise the money anyway by supplying the entire U.S. Congress with secretaries who couldn't type. Upon receiving our precious CLAMMY, Paris fell on his knees and thanked God, Billy Graham, and Shirley Temple Black for flooding his childhood fantasies with unbridled lust and cinematic inspiration.

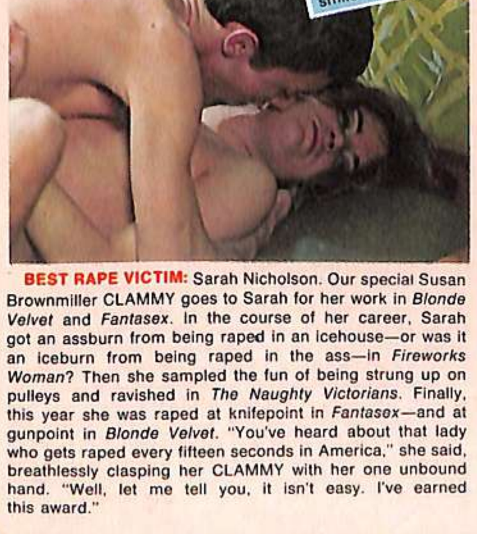


BEST ACTRESS OF THE YEAR: Heather Deely, British beauty and lay extraordinaire wins our CLAMMY for her titillating triumph in Diversions. This English rose can not only walk, talk and spread her petals on cue—she can bring tears to your eyes, saliva to your lips and dewdrops to your dick. A well rounded performer, her comely character dabbles in necrophilia, S/M, corpse mutilation, B&D, terminal sex, vaginal and anal rape, vampirism and Naziism. After hearing the news of her victory, Heather fainted in the middle of Trafalgar Square and was raped by a flock of demented pigeons. Being a true star, she was soon back on her feet thanking all the little people that made it possible, Joe, George, Sam, Bill, Garth, Kevin, Martin, John, Peter . . .



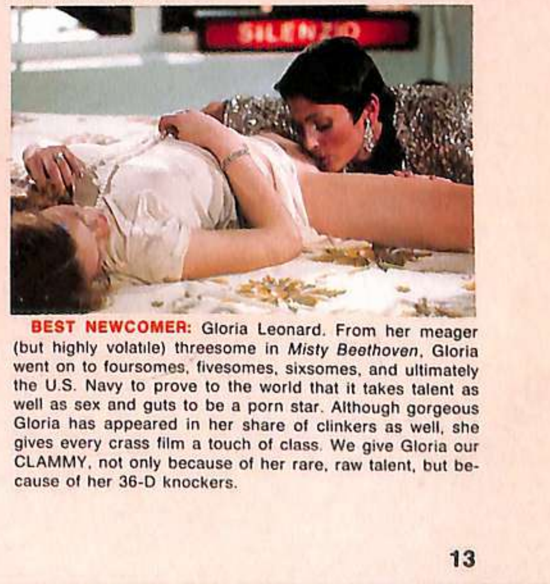
BEST ACTOR OF THE YEAR: Jamie Gillis, the Prince of Porn, wins our CLAMMY for the Henry Higgins-type sex educator he portrayed in *Misty Beethoven* and the satanic satyr in *Through the Looking Glass*. Jamie, who was sampling girl scout cookies at the time his award was announced, wept tears of joy. But alas, before he could thank us for this unparalleled honor, a gaggle of 35 horny girl scouts swarmed all over him, and he hasn't been heard from since. Nonetheless, Jamie—true to form—courageously went down with a smile on his face.

BEST LAYMATE: Jennifer Welles. Of all the nubile starlets who give and show their all on the blue-tinged screen, buxom blonde Jennifer is the best grunter, groaner, gasper, pelvic thruster, and cunt-clamping cutie on the entire West Coast. In fact, a leading toy manufacturer has recently come out with a Jennifer Welles doll that cries, "Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!" whenever you stroke its life-like clit. So boys, trade in her Cher dolls for the latest in animated pussies. Miss Welles, in person, was so thrilled with her CLAMMY award that she immediately sat on it. Bless you, Jennifer!



BEST RAPE VICTIM: Sarah Nicholson. Our special Susan Brownmiller CLAMMY goes to Sarah for her work in *Blonde Velvet* and *Fantasex*. In the course of her career, Sarah got an assburn from being raped in an icehouse—or was it an iceburn from being raped in the ass—in *Fireworks Woman*? Then she sampled the fun of being strung up on pulleys and ravished in *The Naughty Victorians*. Finally, this year she was raped at knifepoint in *Fantasex*—and at gunpoint in *Blonde Velvet*. "You've heard about that lady who gets raped every fifteen seconds in America," she said, breathlessly clasping her CLAMMY with her one unbound hand. "Well, let me tell you, it isn't easy. I've earned this award."

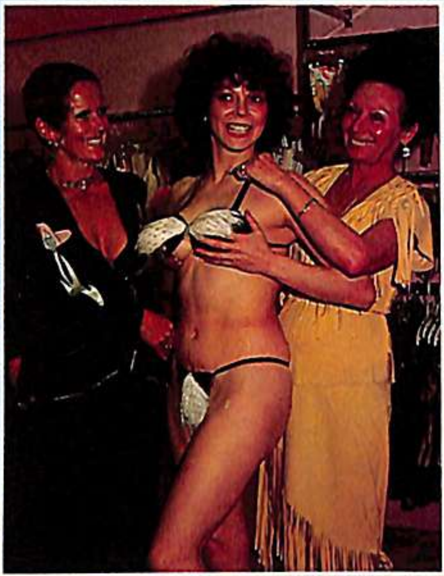
BEST GOLDEN SHOWER ACTRESS: Annie Sprinkle wins our CLAMMY for sprinkling on Ras Kean in the tepid flick, *The Affairs of Janice*. Not only are we giving Annie this award for a great piss, but also because this role provided her with the chance to act as critic of her own movie. Unfortunately, lovely Annie, who caught a chill while bedwetting at an orgy, could not be with us in person to accept her well-deserved CLAMMY. (Annie, by the way, also wins a special dwarf-job CLAMMY for her inspired work with little people in *Call Me Angel*.)

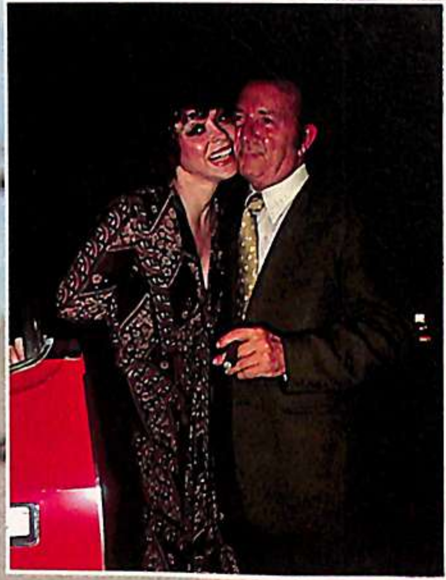


BEST NEWCOMER: Gloria Leonard. From her meager (but highly volatile) threesome in *Misty Beethoven*, Gloria went on to foursomes, fivesomes, sixsomes, and ultimately the U.S. Navy to prove to the world that it takes talent as well as sex and guts to be a porn star. Although gorgeous Gloria has appeared in her share of clinkers as well, she gives every crass film a touch of class. We give Gloria our CLAMMY, not only because of her rare, raw talent, but because of her 36-D knockers.

PETER HURD

Freddy and Fanne at the Spartan Health Spa.


A new look for Fanne by Only Sexy Things.

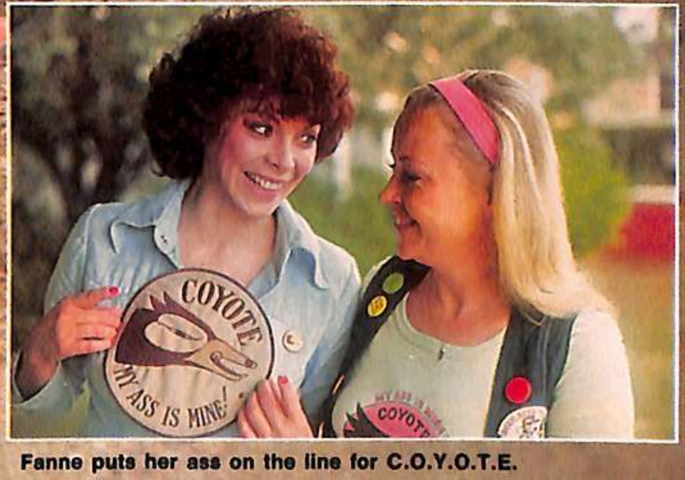

With Miami Star columnist Lou Gross

HURRICANE FANNE HITS MIAMI!

By FANNE FOXE

Fanne gets it on at the X-rated Bon Soir Motel.

Sexy smooching at the Playhouse 1 swingers club.



Fanne puts her ass on the line for C.O.Y.O.T.E.

Ever since I took that first nose dive into the headlines, people have always asked me where the action is. Not too much of it is underwater—although, as it turns out, you can get into some real trouble there—but the sex scene is opening up so wide in my adopted country that I've decided to commit it to print. When the editor of CHERI asked me to personally research the new sexual freedom, in major cities nationwide, I immediately recognized it as an idea whose time had come.

So I'll be running around the country getting the real low-down—and lower down you won't get, anywhere—on all the hot spots you've been looking for. In twelve major cities you might find yourself stranded and horny on some cold wintry night. Strip shows, massage parlors, swingers' clubs, meet & greet bars, sexy shops, X-rated theaters, nude beaches, underground clubs and pertinent local scandals—all the things you really wanted to know about downtown Baltimore, for example, but were too uptight to ask.

From the first moment I stepped a high-heeled foot onstage, I was there to communicate with my audience—and that has been my singular joy in life. I received beautiful comments on my performances, because I played to my audience as if it were a man I would dance my heart out to seduce. I relished those compliments, and the love and good wishes that so many of you have poured into letters and phone calls to me—both during the bitterest period of my unhappy headlines with Mr. Wilbur Mills and later, regarding my book and return to show business. Most of you were a hundred times more thoughtful and perceptive than those professional reporters, and you saw me as a real person—not a fallen woman out to corrupt America's entire moral fiber.

It's very obvious to me that so many more people enjoy sex now, and are so much more open about discussing their needs. Even in the brief time since my private life made me an instant celebrity, I've noticed that sex is steadily inching out of the closet. Lurching out, even—when you think of the hilarious arrests of some of our more prominent citizens when they solicit prostitutes or begin stripping in strange places. But I think it's all to the good. I hate the hypocrisy that's surrounded sexual activity—even in Argentina, which is much more liberal in its attitude towards human needs, those in power were always preaching the clean and upright life while keeping an adorable young girl—or boy—in a secret apartment in town.

People are very bored with the old double standard, the old promises and come-ons in terms of sexual pleasure. Whether they pay for it—I'm speaking of sex aids, films, books as well as the services of a prostitute—or seek the best available in a relationship with another human being, they honestly know what turns them on. Or they're very determined to spend a lot of energy finding out. So I'm more than happy to do the raw research, city by city, on the project. I don't think anyone's ever attempted this kind of guide for the United States, at least in any depth. And you can depend on me to get right down there into the lower depths, the back alleys and worse to let you know what your neighbors are up to, how much they're paying for it and how come they thought of it first. So stay tuned—I think we're both gonna learn a lot.

Of course, the most interesting part of any business regarding sex is what it reveals about human nature. CHERI decided that my first foray into the new American morality would be the city of Miami—coincidentally, a very symbolic choice for me. I started my career in this country in the Moulin Rouge, a Miami strip club. As my English was poor, and family finances approaching the disastrous, a Cuban friend suggested that I take a job with her as a dancer. Striptease paid well in Miami—but was I qualified? In South America a girl of that profession was a statuesque, elegant beauty who performed in elaborate settings, as the orchestra played music of exquisite spiritual sensitivity. I was neither a statuesque, elegant beauty nor, really, a splendid dancer, and I had envied these women terribly in the past.

But my friend assured me that American striptease was really only an act to tantalize the audience. In place of spiritually sensitive music, they had a raucous band that belted out the "Take it all off!" theme. Need I tell you I was as clumsy as a hibernating bear? My first time onstage, I couldn't even get my *gloves* off with any grace. I finally fled, with all my underwear on, as the audience applauded heartily for my departure.

Even thirteen *(Continued on page 22)*

Bon Soir
MOTEL
Pool
WELCOME
ADULT MOVIES
WATERBED
VACANCY

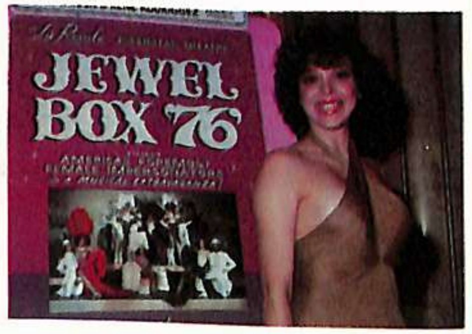
"COME ONCE, YOU'LL COME AGAIN"

BON SOIR HOTEL
2731 N. Federal Highway (US 1)
Fort Lauderale, Fla.
Telephone: 305-565-1893

When you rent a room at the Bon Soir Motel, be sure to bring a friend. The ceilings are covered with mirrors, the waterbeds vibrate, the bathrooms are papered in Kama Sutra position posters and the tube is specially programmed for X-rated skin flicks. The nightly rate is a bargain $20, a mere pittance for a true passion pit of a motel whose brochure promises, "Come Once—And You'll Come Again."

Motels are made for madness. And the lust-crazed genius who conceived the decor for the Bon Soir—clearly under a full moon, with a *(Continued on page 98)*

JEWEL BOX REVUE



THE JEWEL BOX REVUE
The Eden-Roc Hotel
Miami Beach, Florida

If you think the nightlife in Miami is a drag—you're right. The fashionable Eden-Roc *(Continued on page 57)*

DADE AND THE DOLPHINS

COYOTE
P.O. BOX 22762
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida

COYOTE, an organization developed to decriminalize prostitution, has a small but active Florida branch called Dolphin. Run by a bright, attractive ex-whatever-turned-legal secretary named Darlene, this Ft. Lauderdale organization is desperately struggling to change some of the archaic laws in the Dale. County area. Contributions, used toward legal fees and miscellaneous *(Continued on page 57)*

BLUE MOVIE-GOER'S GUIDE

FULL-LENGTH FEATURES

ART THEATER: 183rd Street and Collins Avenue (931-9055)

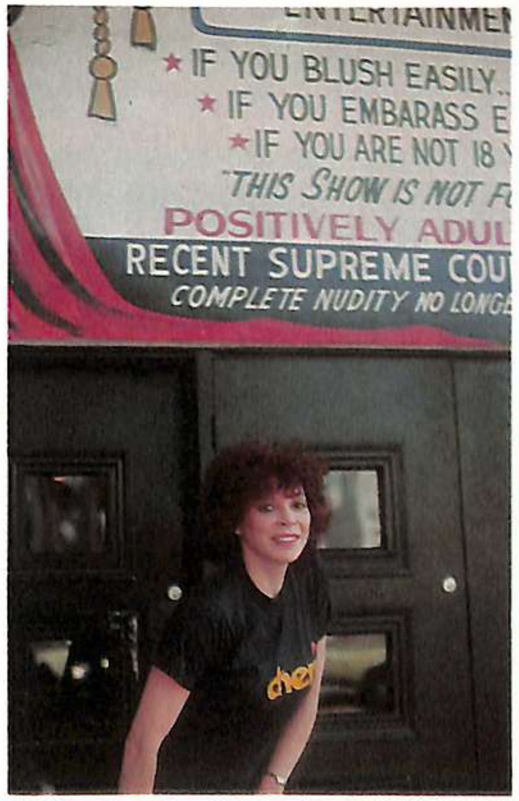
GAMECOCK ADULT THEATER: 5845 Hollywood Boulevard (966-3040)

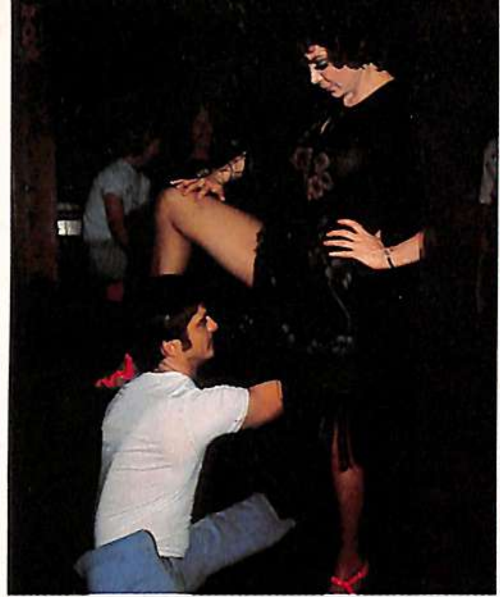
MILLER ROAD CINEMA: 9318 Miller Road (279-1339)

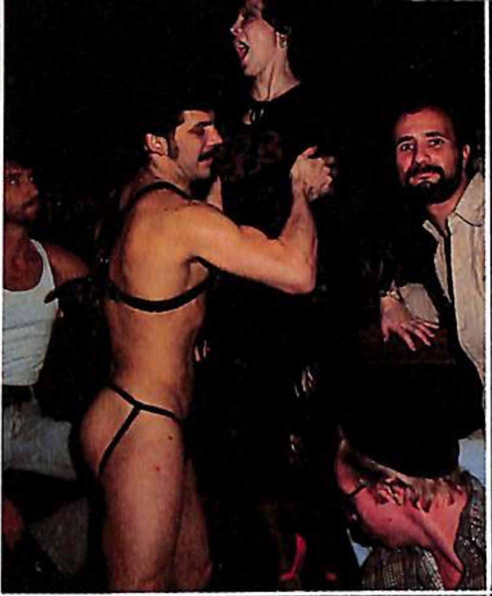
ASSORTED EROTICS

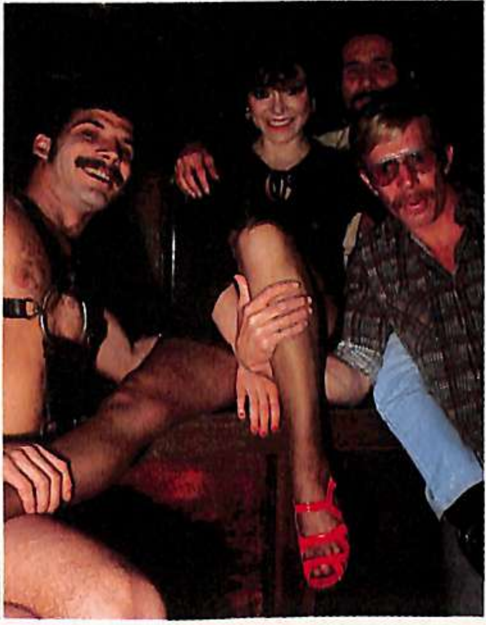
DENMARK ADULT THEATRE (Continuous showing, 24 hours, 7 days): 2415 S. Federal Highway (462-9324)

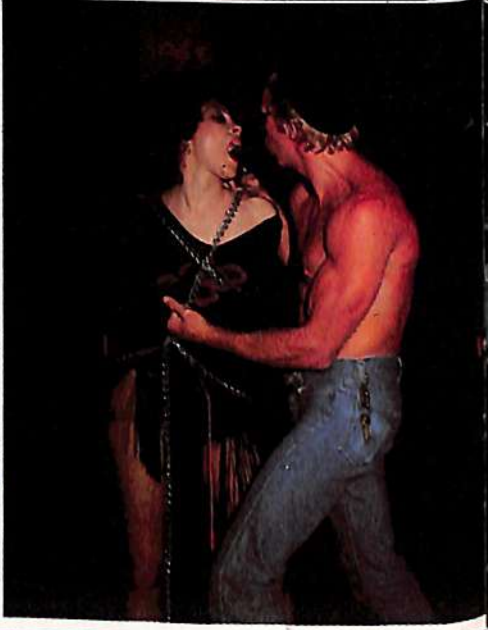
BOULEVARD ADULT DRIVE-IN: Biscayne Boulevard & 143rd Street (no number given) *(Continued on page 97)*

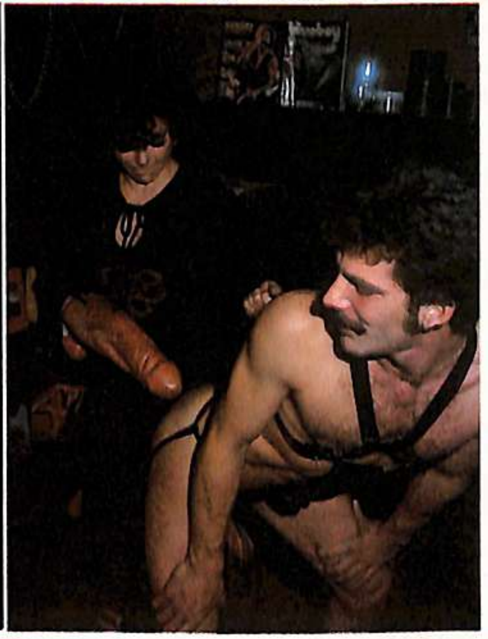












A TOY STORE-SALOON

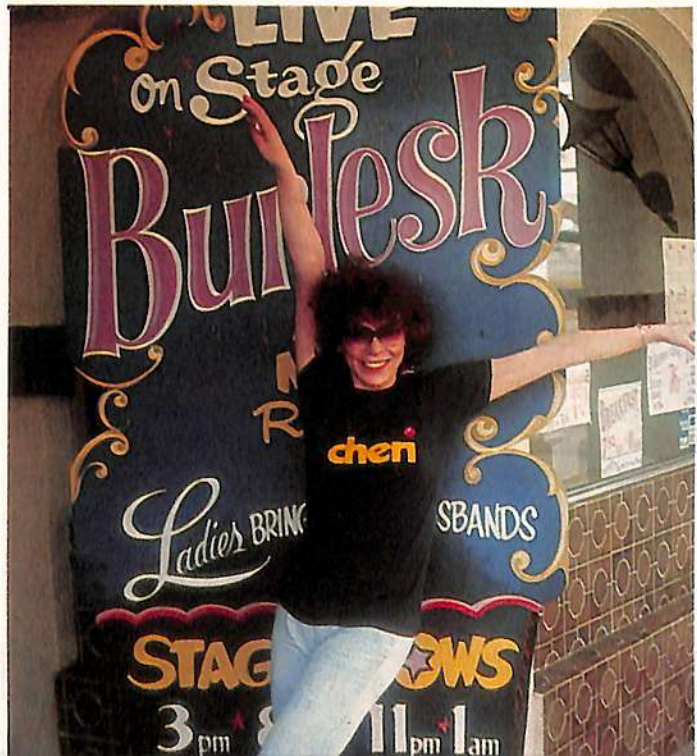
PLEASURE CHEST
1001 NE 2nd Ave., Miami Beach, Florida

Serving double duty as an erotic 'toy' store and a raucously gay bar, the Pleasure Chest can be found nestled away in a washed-out yellowing building on the corner of 163rd street in downtown Miami. Inside are two well-stocked bars, a series of pinball machines, a dance floor and for leather lovers a complete sidecase chock full of whips, harnesses, dildos and ticklers. No membership required and the vibes are very loose and free . . . anything goes. . . .

Absolutely the best gay bar I've ever visited in my life—and, believe it or not, I've seen lots. Many years ago, when I was working in Miami, I went to another gay male bar . . . and felt very uncomfortable. All kinds of raw remarks were passed, and I could tell they weren't thrilled to have a woman around. I remember feeling left out, and leaving fast.

But I had the wildest night, as you can see, in the Pleasure Chest. The boys were crazy about me—and they were very honest about their feelings, too. In some of our other interviews, as I've mentioned, people were not as open as they might have been with their true feelings. But these boys were the best. Not the least bit embarrassed to look me straight in the eye and discuss any topic, without pretending to be other than they were.

There was a wonderful energy at the Pleasure Chest—perhaps because *(Continued on page 77)*



GAYETY BURLESQUE
2004 Collins Avenue
Miami Beach, Florida
Telephone: 305-538-0355

THE RAUNCHIEST RUNWAY IN TOWN

No shouts of "Take it off" at the Gayety Burlesque. As soon as these ladies hop onto the stage things start sliding off and if they'd stop gyrating long enough, you'd notice that they were totally pussy-lipped, bare-assed naked. As these Floridian funkies boogy to the beats of Barry White, the Rolling Stones and Chicago, the audience—many of whom look as though they've set up housekeeping in their seats, diddle and doze as the girls jiggle through their acts. When the ladies aren't struttin' their stuff X-rated films are shown plus a live comedy act that'll have you on the floor only if it's crawling to get out. Shows are Monday- Saturday at 3 pm, 8 pm, 11 pm and 1 am. Admission is $6.

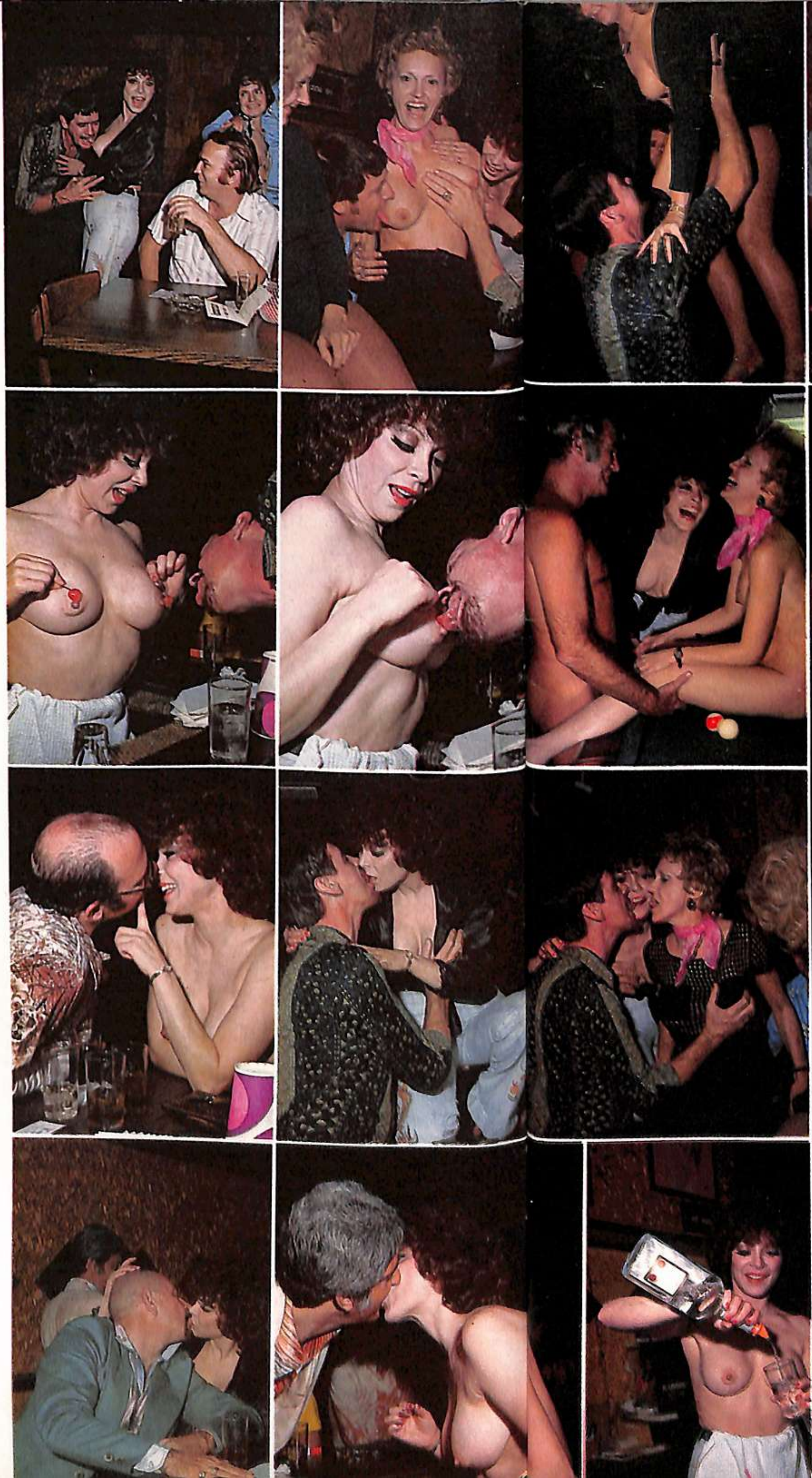
(Continued on page 77)

FREAKY FREDDIE'S FLESH FARM

SPARTAN HEALTH CLUB
17552 NW 27th AVE.
Telephone 305-621-9639 (ask for Freddy)

If you spot a volleyball bouncing from the bushes off some major

(Continued on page 88)



BOB & DEL'S SWAPSHOP

PLAYHOUSE 1
Mailing address; P.O. Box 9415, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida 33310

Boasting 1,100 registered couples, a full kitchen, dance floor and complete gameroom including pin-ball, backgammon and pool table, Playhouse 1 is the mix and mingle club for Miami and Ft. Lauderdale swingers. Membership fees run $20.00 annually, with temporary memberships going for $3.00 per couple per night. No liquor license, so boozers must bring their own bottles. Couples are always encouraged however. Monday, Tuesday and Thursday evenings are open to singles. *(Continued on page 71)*

AN A&P OF AMOROUS APPARATUSES

PATTI'S ONLY SEXY THINGS
1016 N.E. 163rd Street, North Miami Beach, Florida

Does it have to do with sex? Patti sells it. A veritable A&P of sexual apparati, "Only Sexy Things" has three locations in North Miami, Hollywood and downtown Miami. Patti, the proprietor seems to be on a one woman campaign to liberate Dade County residents by selling dildos, leather garments and sexy lingerie in a relaxed and friendly atmosphere. Patti, who designs most of the lingerie (like feathered G-strings, peek-a-boo nighties and gem-studded corsets) has her prices set from $1-$75. If you're into basic bondage

(Continued on page 98)

EXCITING
International
REVUE
PLACE PIGALLE

RAUNCHY RUNWAY

PLACE PIGALLE
215 22nd St. (off Collins Ave.) Miami Beach, Florida

A classic, old-timey burlesque house in such a perfect state of decay they filmed "Lenny" here. The girls of the Place Pigalle are ripe, experienced strippers who keep their G-strings on and their boobs shaking. Shows are long, featuring vaudeville comics, Spanish dancers and above all Gina the Fire Eater and her deep-throat torch act. I headlined at this club years ago and I think I saw the same crowd there this time—or maybe it was just nostalgia making me swoon. The place is really out of a time capsule, but go anyway—it'll remind you of the first strip shows you went into as a horny teenage punk.

years ago Miami was a city of wild contrasts in terms of sexual behavior. Dade County had—and has—some of the most repressive laws in America. Back in those days, living a quiet family life close to our best friends, I hardly cared. In my dancing, I never stripped completely and defied the law—but I was well aware of the fact that certain sex acts were allowed in the darkness of the club, and that we stayed open very late when certain high officials dropped by for amusement.

But in 1977, many of these laws are still on the books, ludicrously enough. Now a girl can strip down to the altogether and spread herself on a burlesque stage . . . but my God! If she does it in private! Or dares it semi-publicly, on any one of the beaches that ring the city. The laws against lewdness and obscene display in Dade County are so old-fashioned I think many of the city fathers would prefer that we still wore hoop skirts. The greatest red-hot controversy of the high tourist season was topless bathing. Yes! Some Miamians actually had the crazy desire to go topless in an abandoned area called Garbage Beach, where, amidst piles of debris and squawking gulls, they were harmlessly displaying themselves to the sun. To my amazement they were busted so frequently—resulting in a bonanza of fines for the Police Department—that it has been closed down. One City Council member had the balls to propose that, as topless, if not nude, bathing had become a custom nationwide, it might be appropriate that the city set aside a special beach for their millions of yearly visitors with such

(Continued on page 97)

THE BEEHIVE

Greetings, art lovers! I wrote a cute little essay about Peter Lovejoy (fictional name, of course), when he was going through his "slave" stage. I read it to him over the phone and he got a laugh out of it. I would like to share it with **CHERI** readers and, I admit, it was all my fault he got into weirdo sex with me. I can see where I really did him wrong. He is a poor, helpless victim. I have no right to be angry with him. I started it, and it got out of control. My darlin' was only trying to please me. This is what I wrote about him:

In order to hold your man, you have to let him know from the beginning who is *boss*. The first time you go to bed together, strap on a dildo and fuck him in the ass. *Fuck him before he gets a chance to fuck you.*

Piss on him, shit on him and keep reminding him over and over that he is just a man, and the only thing a man is good for is to be a slave to a woman.

If he asks to take you out, tell him if he wants to associate with you on a *social level*, he has to dress up like a woman. Make him wear panty hose under his clothes when he goes to work. For going out, he has to wear a garter belt, stockings, high heels, a bra, miniskirt and blouse. Of course, he has to wear a wig, too, if his hair isn't long. Best to make him wear a long, blond wig and lots of makeup. Humiliate him every chance you get.

Make him kneel and beg you for everything he wants. Take all his money from him and make him beg for any money he needs. Then, before even giving him cab fare to work, make him eat your pussy. Tell him he has to earn every cent you give him.

Make him kneel before you as you slap him, beat him—order him to kiss your ass. Bend over and, while keeping one foot in his groin, make him eat your ass out good. Wear spike heels and dig one into his balls, twisting it unmercifully if he stops sucking your ass for even a minute, as you blow farts in his face as much as possible. It is good to eat a sandwich loaded with onions and drink a couple of cans of beer ahead of time. Makes for better farts.

Tell him he is your whipping boy and he has to take all the abuse when anyone else makes you angry. Write, *I am a whipping boy* on his chest with lipstick, and then whip him and tell him you are doing it because it relieves your tensions after a hard day at work. Make him lick your toes and invite your girlfriends over; make him wash their feet and polish their toenails and kiss their feet, saying, "I am a dirty rotten motherfucker," as he does all that! Have the girls trained to scratch him with their toenails as much as possible; have them step on his fingers after they get their shoes on.

Make him do it in the nude and have your girlfriends giggle and laugh at him and make fun of the size of his cock. Before they leave, have them kick him in the ass.

Spit on him as he kneels before you and slap his face if he asks to fuck you. Let him know that he *never* fucks you. *You fuck him*!

photo by PETER HURD

Piss on him, shit on him, strap a dildo on and fuck him up the ass—these are but a few of the myriad of meat-beating love tips divulged by CHERI's own personal purveyor of poo, Miss Honeysuckle Divine. This month's column is devoted to the lovelorn, those of you whose latest piece of ass was seen schlepping some drunken Mexican who was singing something about balling the Frito Bandito. As always, our divine diva of dementia urges her fans to write her c/o CHERI and especially encourages all readers to send in their dreams for a free analysis.

LOVE TIPS FOR LOONIES

by HONEYSUCKLE DIVINE

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

While fucking him in the ass with the dildo, tell him he'd better make his cock come. Make him jerk it off, and then order him to lick his own sperm off his fingers.

Put an apron on him and make him wash out your stockings and soiled panties in the sink. (Of course, he *always* has to do the dishes and clean the house.)

He has to eat your pussy when you are on your period, lick your ass after you take a shit, lick your armpits on the weekend when you don't have to go to work and don't need to use a deodorant. Always tell him how *inferior* he is to you while he does these things.

Make him cook fancy meals for you and serve them to you. Only let him have bread and water, and make him eat it off the floor. Make him beg for crumbs from your table as you dine, and then kick him and tell him he isn't fit to have a crumb of your fine dinner.

Put a dog collar on him and lead him around on a leash. Make him call you, Mistress, and say, "yes, Mistress," every time you order him to do something.

If all else fails, get a big German shepherd police dog and train the dog to fuck him in the ass. Kiss and hug the dog in front of him and make him feel *inferior* to the dog.

Give him an enema with two quarts of warm water to cause him extra pain, and tell him he is full of shit. Train the dog to piss on him while he sits very still, and make him say he deserves it. Show no mercy and he is yours forever.

That is the only way to really hold a man. Abuse him, use him, curse him, kick him, humiliate him, spit on him, piss on him, shit on him, take all his money, and he won't have the guts to ever leave you. Remember the most important rule of all: *fuck him before he ever gets a chance to fuck you.*

Well! No wonder Peter Lovejoy acted the way he did! As I look back. I can see that I turned him into a monster, and then I became deathly afraid of the monster I had created.

It is so very difficult to be honest about things at times. It was so easy for me to turn on him and blame him for it all.

Sex games and acting out fantasies can be fun with a stranger, but when you are emotionally involved with someone, it can be an entirely different story. Some very smart men enjoy kinky sex with a whore, but act "normal" around the one they love.

After trying it with Peter for a brief time, I know now that I want a simple, "normal" sex life with him. If he wants kinky sex, I would even give him the money to pay a whore rather than go through it with him myself. But, I have a feeling he never wanted it any more than I did, but he was only doing it because he thought I wanted it.

He acted "normal" with me until I started talking about kinky sex to him. I must admit, I rather liked some of the ideas but, as it turned out, I only liked them as a fantasy. Fantasies

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columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard II
for liberated men

by RENEE ROUSSEAU

FORTY NUDE TEENS AND A TOILET TECHNIQUE MANUAL?

Overripe Renee—Cranshaw Queen of CHERI Magazine—roots around in the rarified netherworld of postal porn, revealing that what you seek, fans, ain't always what you get. But if sticky panties, used stockings and technicolor teenies gone bad get you hot, where else can you go? Woolworth's? Write our mail-order maven here at CHERI.

photo by PETER HURD

Hi there, CHERI lovers! Good news: the letters have been pouring in—a groovy indication that scads of folks throughout Americaland are sharing in the thrilling hysteria of the mail-order porn scene.

For instance, I just opened a note from somebody in Ohio who mentions how much he enjoys reading CHERI. Now, I'm not one to frequently blow our own horn, but he refers to another popular sex magazine (that undoubtedly wishes to remain anonymous) as being "full of crap and too stuck-up!" Incidentally, the gent who wrote this right-on comment is "70 years old and still going strong despite arthritis in the back." Now *that's* what I call spirit.

I guess his letter just goes to prove that in the long run you simply can't get away with putting one over on the public. In the course of writing this column, and thereby coming into contact with all sorts of mail-order advertisers, I know I constantly find that insincerity is sooner or later unmasked while quality and honesty provide sources of continuous pleasure. Anyway, thanks to Mr. R.K. for such a warm and encouraging letter. And now let's get down to business. . . .

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40 NUDE FEMALES read the enticing ad, "spreads, closeups, etc. See them all, only $1.99 and SASE." How could anybody afford to offer such a glorious bundle of promise for such a low price? Was it a gimmick? What would they really send? Hotly, I mailed away my check to Sandy's Teens, P.O. Box 2482B, Philadelphia, PA 19147. This place turned out to be a company I'd written to a few months ago after I had seen another luscious printed come-on. This time, cleverly, they went by another name in the ad and I didn't connect this address with the first until I caught a glance at their stationery, as I expectantly tore open this new postal pocket of lust.

It didn't look too exciting. First there were a couple of circulars of the kind you often find stuck on your windshield when you park your car at a shopping center. Except instead of saying, "Furniture Liquidation!! Everything Must Go!" these screamed in bold letters, "SIR!! Young Nice Girls. Older Men . . . join America's 'Club' . . ." "It seems this organization maintains a roster of supposedly promiscuous pen pals. That wasn't even what I had written for, so I rapidly scanned the flyer.

As for the 40 nudes that had lured me to these people in the first place, since the envelope wasn't exactly bulging with Polaroids, I must say I was a bit suspicous about what I'd find. Enclosed were two glossy sheets of paper (each the size of one regular 3x5 photo) on which were tiny pictures of the chicks that the company was promoting—20 to a sheet. These postage-stamp sized shots ran the gamut from lascivious ladies to cavorting couples. I guess if you lived in Munchkinland, or had a powerful magnifying glass, you might get aroused, but they just didn't make the grade with your Renee.

Somebody had scribbled a price list for larger photos on the back of one sheet. He mentioned that each of the pictures for sale shows "one object"· This mystified me. Did they mean that "one object" corresponded to "one person"? Were they talking about one sexual object per photo? Or how about pieces of furniture, or rutabagas? They're objects too! I had more fun imagining the bizarre possibilities of this cryptic message than I did looking at the stuff they sent.

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A friend of mine who is heavily into the world of sado-masochism suggested I write to Skye Publishing, P.O. Box 324, Riverdale, Ill., 60546, for a nibble at their extensive selection of esoteric goodies.

I took his advice and soon received a packet of information describing their many manuals ("Toilet Technique, Legs, Pussy Power—Volumes I & II"), novelties ("Vagimusk perfume oil, the Panty Slave Club"), and assorted other tools of the trade. Definitely a big company, but they seem well-organized and appear to take their business seriously—without viewing their customers as ignorant perverts who exist solely to be cheated out of as much money as possible in the shortest possible time—as many fly-by-night operations do.

Here's a quote from Skye's brochure that illustrates their cautious, responsible attitude: "Always be discreet, as we will be. Never put the words sex, panties, toilet, torture, etc. on the outside of letters. Remember, your mail goes through the gossip centers of small towns and cities—the post offices. And if you want to attract as little attention as possible, set up your address in a strictly business-like way. Names like 'Occupant,' an obviously made-up name, or no name, only attract attention of your business associates, wife, anybody. Renting a post-office box is usually the best way to get privacy. . . ."

If S/M appeals to you, you'd probably like to try Skye. I haven't as yet ordered from them so I can't vouch for whether they indeed deliver the goods, but my initial reaction to them is positive.

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Her ad boastfully claimed that "Licking my bikini panties is just like eating my hot pussy. Do it by mail order. Send for a pair of my sexy worn panties and a color photo of my pretty pussy." I gambled $6.00 for "panties worn one day." A thick manila envelope soon after wended its way into my mailbox. I tore it open to discover a pair of securely sealed sticky underwear. They were the type with one of those popular gauzy-looking photos printed on them—in this case showing a sensitive, dreamy young couple posed in profile against a glorious

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PICK OF THE PERSONALS

DIVINE DECADENCE

photo by PETER HURD

Imagine the Music Hall Rockettes, June Taylor Dancers, the national cast of Let My People Come *and Marie Osmond rolled into one and you have our sexed-up, often freaked-out California columnist, the lovely—but deranged—Maureen Murphy. This month, Maureen exposes her secret desire to make, mate, and otherwise mamba with a manatee (look it up, dork) and manages to throw new light on some non-mammalian water sports. Maureen can be reached by either renting a manatee costume and pretending to be the delivery boy or writing to her c/o CHERI.*

A GOOD MANATEE IS HARD TO FIND

by MAUREEN MURPHY

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard II
for liberated men

Well, the New Year's come and gone once again without anyone asking me to do an interview. This might not seem like a big deal—and it probably isn't, but you know, I do get jealous. All year long throughout the various mags, one after another, almost everyone I know gets interviewed. It's time I had my turn to express my views, and what better chance than in my own column. Here goes.

Interviewer: Maureen, let's not beat around your bush, what turns you on?

Maureen: Well, I have this really heavy, long-running fantasy. In fact I've had it since I saw the Jacques Cousteau special on TV. I have the most incredible desire to be completely ravished by a manatee. I guess that doesn't sound like much of a dream of a lover, but it really knocks me out. Its entire muscular body is devoid of hair, and believe me I've examined every inch of it.

Interviewer: Gee Maureen, that's really nice, but are you serious?

Maureen: What? You shithead, mudmouth moron, on your knees before your queen! *(Interviewer licks Maureen's shoes.)*

Maureen: You may rise.

Interviewer: Your loyal subject begs your forgiveness and wishes permission to continue with the interview.

(*M. grunts.*)

Interviewer: You know you really shouldn't make me do that in public.

Maureen: Anything goes at Olivers family market.

Interviewer: Now Maureen, what do you have to say about your reputation as a dominating, shameless hussy?

Maureen: Well, I like to think of myself as a dominating shameless hussy, especially when I'm writing for you goons out there . . . As far as the manatee fantasy goes, I'd really be interested in some hairless cocks. All year long I get letters asking me to shave my cunt and display it here in the column. Well, turnabout is fair play and maybe if some of you guys out there shaved your dicks, you just might get your wish. Remember, we girls like sexy-looking cocks as much as you like different-looking pussies.

As a matter of fact, I think it's a good idea to run a little contest here in the column. What I want to see is some pics of your sexy dicks. Who out there has the guts enough to shave their short arm and send me a pic care of **CHERI**? The winner will get his tool in the column along with an autographed 8x10 photo of the baldest beaver in Bedlam. A close-up of yours truly, photographed in a *tres* compromising position. Don't worry, I won't print your name or address but you will have to figure out what to tell your lover about your new Telly Savalas look.

Interviewer: I believe we've gotten off the track. I'm supposed to be interviewing you.

Maureen: Then do it, fool. Personally, I think you're doing a lousy job.

Interviewer: You sure are bitchy, aren't you?

Maureen: Well, I'm O.T.R.

Interviewer: O.T.R.?

Maureen: On the rag.

Interviewer: Oh, .that it explains it. Tell me, what is the strangest thing that ever happened to you?

Maureen: Puberty.

Interviewer: Ha ha, seriously, Mo.

Maureen: OK. A strange thing happened to me when I worked on a reptile farm in El Monte. I was doing one of those summer employment trips that are such a drag when you're dreaming of lazying on the beach. The farm had a python that was 28' x 6". The snake was really pretty and the visitors adored him. However the poor thing absolutely refused to eat and I was assigned to the crew that had the dubious honor of feeding him. All 12 of us would sneak up on him there in the terrarium and snatch him up. Writhing and wriggling like a sonofabitch we'd drag the motherfucker back into the examination room and strap him on to this long table. His jaws were then pried open and then just like a cannon we'd shove 300 lbs. of hamburger down his gullet until a big lump appeared in his middle. This would hold him for about three months. Once this was accomplished, I realized I was no longer needed and was assigned to train the manatee. This rather slow-witted, rotund beast of gentle disposition has a rather strange sexual predilection—or so I was soon to discover. I worked quite diligently throughout the summer and by the time September rolled around I had that fucker whipped into shape. Finally the big day arrived and I was to display my manatee through his paces for the big boss. Everything started out fine. The manatee swam with such exhilaration I almost felt the summer had been all worthwhile. For the grand finale I had him slip up on the tiles at the boss's feet just like the whales do at sea world. Well, goddamn, the manatee looked up at me and had the biggest hardon I'd ever seen. The boss looks over at me and says, "Well, young lady, what do you have to say for yourself?" All I could say was, "I guess he likes me." (It was the only funky answer I could think of.) Well, I soon ended my career as an animal trainer and began my life in the safe, sane world of porn.

Interviewer: What's a nice girl like you . . . .

Maureen: Well, it all began with this manatee.

Interviewer: Tell us Maureen, what does the future hold in store for you?

Maureen: You have probably heard that I am now putting final touches on my first biographical sketch, *Confessions of a Black-Cock Junkie: The True Totally Outrageous Story of Apple Valley Betty.*

Interviewer: Is that the Betty we all grew to love in the *Sun*?

Maureen: None other than. Truly the most original personage to come upon the scene in the many months I have worked in the industry.

Interviewer: Is this also Golden Betty?

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I, KIM POPE

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

by KIM POPE

MALE SLAVES AND A FIRE FIGHTER'S FUCK FANTASY

This month, Kim Pope, star of stage, screen and CHERI magazine (get the beat) takes time off from her erotic explorations to respond to the stack of fan mail that's beginning to rot in the corner of her office. Man, we thought we were sick—but you readers are really sleaze-city. Some of the things you freaks have written about are bound to set the magazine back at least six issues. Anyway, keep them spilling in. We at CHERI like to think of ourselves as a haven for all you deranged pervos who spend your weekends jacking off and doing Gary Gilmore imitations.

All correspondence to Kim should be written c/o CHERI.

CHERI Readers—you're the greatest! From the first month when you welcomed us and month by month as you cheered us on, you've proven yourselves over and over to be a great bunch of fans. This month I want to devote especially to you. I wish we could print *all* of the wonderful letters, but as I dip into my mailbag, I know there will be space for only a few. Even so, here goes!

Dear Ms. Pope:

I believe as many women as men read and appreciate *CHERI*. All my friends do. Now that you've written on female slavery (September), I suggest you do an article on the male slave for hire business.

I'm a female executive, age 40, who's divorced two husbands who got in the way of career goals. Two years ago, I was promoted into the upper-level range and was introduced to this pleasant slavery business. I've learned that every city of any size has one of these groups, consisting of young men who desire domination. I attended a party where the host had four slaves to serve twenty guests. They wore black jocks and chains. The two hetero ones wore collars with metal studs; the homo ones had collars with holes. I was amazed when the big, masculine president of a major firm really drooled over a homosexual slave and couldn't wait to take him off to a bedroom. Two women quickly claimed the heteros. One wanted a good fuck; the other wanted to whip a man's ass. They're expensive of course. I could afford it, though, and soon began having a male slave in attendance when I had friends in for bridge or cocktails. They thought it was delightful, and at least two always wanted a good fucking. The slave went nude from the start, and after my guests left, I chained his wrists behind him and amused myself in bed with him.

I met Tommy this way. He worked for me several times, and I liked him very much. He is 26, shorter than I, with a smooth, slender body he kept shaved free of hair. He appreciated the fact that I demanded the utmost of him in sexual performance. Our special relationship didn't bother us at all in public.

One night, I proposed that he move in with me full-time. I'd pay the bills and he'd go on working, but at night, he'd be mine. He agreed, and since then I've had a slave each night to serve dinner, clean the kitchen, attend me in the bath, and wash my undies. Each night he is chained naked in bed, and if his performance displeases me in any way, I subject him to penis punishment with pins and brush. On bridge night he waits on my friends in nipple clamps and a penis ring.

Perhaps there's another story here—how these young male slaves are taken up by older women. But that's your decision. Keep up the good work with *CHERI*. It's a magazine we all need.

S.K.L.
Cincinnati, Ohio

photo by PETER HURD

Well, folks, I'm planning an issue exploring male slavery for the near future, so hang in there!

In the meantime, R.A.R. from Cloverdale, Va. writes:

Dear Kim:

Just saw your article in *CHERI* and enjoyed it very much. I wish *CHERI* would run a photo layout of you. I've seen lots of your films and loved them all. You're a very pretty and sexy girl.

Kim, I've got an idea for a movie. Could you pass it on to someone who might be interested in it? I'd love to see a full length movie doing a takeoff on the *Tonight Show*.

R.A.R., thanks for the compliment, and I'm glad you enjoyed my films. The picture you asked for is on its way and your idea is here for all to see, but I'm afraid you're a little late . . . have you heard of New York's cable TV show, *Midnight Blue*? Tune it in for some laughs.

When a young couple asked to be photographed with me and then chickened out, we offered our readers the chance to pick up the cue. The letters poured in. Here are just a few.

Dear Kim:

First of all, let me introduce myself. My name is Bob and I am a 23 year old fire fighter who loves to fuck. I have always dreamed of getting involved in making films and posing with girls while we are fucking or while I am eating them. I was really surprised when I "came" across your article in November's *CHERI* where you said you were looking for single guys who like to fuck and suck and have an all-around good time. Believe me when I say that I would love to spend a few days with you. I've seen you in a few of your movies and I think I would really get a thrill if you were sucking my cock and I was eating your pussy and getting in a few dabs of your asshole with my tongue every now and then. I am very serious about this application and would therefore like to describe myself in place of a photo. I am six feet tall and weigh 250 lbs. with light brown hair and hazel eyes. Now for the thing you are probably most concerned about—my cock! It's about average size (6 or 7 inches) but it's how you use it that counts, right?

I would really like to play with that pussy of yours, so I will be waiting impatiently for a reply.

Sincerely,
R.S.
Linthicum, Maryland.

Well, Bob, you certainly come right to the point! Even though we haven't had a chance to meet, thank you for taking the time to write and

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SWING SHIFT

photo by PETER HURD

CHERI is proud to introduce a new columnist, Susan LeBeau, a delightfully tender morsel whose life of lascivious swinging brought her to our staff's often demented attention. Susan, a prime slice of juicy-meat soon to be displayed in an upcoming pictorial spread, gives the honest lowdown on swing scenes and club activities nationwide. In this issue, along with swinging partner Marc, Susan explores suburbia and finds a lot more to tickle her fancy than PTA meetings and finely mowed lawns. Feel free to contact the LeBeaus by writing to them c/o CHERI.

SWINGING SUBURBAN STYLE

by SUSAN LeBEAU

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

Marc and I spend a great deal of time working and playing in the Big Apple. When the day is over, whatever time that may be, we head home to suburban Long Island. Glorious suburbia, home of manicured lawns, chain link fences and an unbelievably large swingers movement. It may not equal that of the big city, but none the less, it can hold its own in any league.

City swinging, like all else in that hustle bustle world, tends to be fast paced and hectic, which is fine with me most times. However, from time to time, I like the pace to slow down just a bit. This tends to be the case with suburban living as well as suburban swinging. And although the pace tends to be subdued, there are plenty plenty of people out here. As a matter of fact, the swinging population of Long Island is sufficient to be presently supporting two different clubs. This month's column will tell you about these two clubs and the suburbanites and city dwellers who frequent them.

Personally, I feel that because of this slower pace it makes these Long Island clubs a good place for first timers to start. Talking from my own experience, I found that a slower pace made it easier for me to ease into things. True, my first club visited was in the city and I do admit being entranced by its layout and beautiful people, but nothing happened that night. Yet, one week later, at a Long Island club, I was able to relax and meet some people whom we later went home with and had a most enjoyable experience with. First-timers are entering a club on shaky enough footing. It is, in my opinion, easier to relax and make yourself approachable in a place where the pace tends to be more subdued. Also, people in the city clubs see so many faces that those of a new couple won't necessarily register. And a friendly greeting which would be accepted without question by an experienced couple might send new folks into a tizzy if not downright outrage because it was misunderstood. On Long Island, where things are in no way stagnant, there is enough of a regular crowd so that a new couple will be quickly recognized even if they do not announce themselves. Some couples will usually ease over, introduce themselves, and try to make a new couple feel welcome, as well as answering the million and one questions they invariably have. However, if you look like Frankenstein and you're the better half of the couple, don't expect people to kill themselves trying to meet you 'cause it just ain't gonna happen!! Swingers are swingers, not depraved sex maniacs, so if you're not at least reasonably attractive don't expect any more friendly overtures that you could reasonably expect in a straight situation. Now let me tell you about the clubs.

First, THE CLIQUE LOUNGE, 1347 Jerusalem Ave., N. Merrick, L.I. (516-481-0220). Five dollars on Saturday with live music. Four dollars on Sunday with canned music. A really cozy club hosted by a congenial couple. It is small but comfortable and there are plenty of booths or tables which are extremely cozy and lend themselves to comfortable tete-a-tetes between compatible couples. A nice size bar serves up good drinks (priced around $1.50) to slake your thirst, and if no one catches your eye, try the pinball machine in the corner. If you're a new couple, introduce yourselves at the door and you'll be welcomed. If you desire, you'll be introduced to a couple who can answer a few of your questions. Try to mingle, say "hi" and let nature take its course. The live music at this club ranges from really good to occasionally awful. Close your ears when the latter happens and you can still meet some interesting people. Your admission includes a free buffet served up between 11 P.M. and midnight. If you're planning on being hungry eat a large meal before you come and go out to breakfast after. In short, the food leaves something to be desired. However the salad's not bad but I'm a lady, not a rabbit. Discounting these bearable shortcomings, this club is definitely worth investigating by both new and seasoned swingers. Sunday nights tend to be relatively quiet, although this is a much nicer way to spend the evening than staying home. Music is by that popular group, the jukebox, but, despite that, we've spent some very pleasant Sunday evenings there.

Secondly, THE CU-KOO'S, 1005 Fulton Ave. (Rte. 109) Farmingdale, N.Y. (516-694-9615). $5 Saturday with live music. This club is a little further out on L.I. but definitely worth your investigation. A very nice sized club. One of its attractions is a large transparent dance floor with colored lights underneath which throb to the music. The bar is nicely supplied with drinks moderately priced (about $1.50). A large area off to the side of the dance floor is filled with tables so that couples can converse. I find this area to be too brightly lit and I get the feeling more of being in a restaurant than an intimate club. Owners: "Turn down the lights!" The two couples who host this club are devoted swingers and they'll be glad to introduce new or out of the area people to the regulars. A buffet is also offered, but again, if you're going strictly to eat, you better not have a big appetite. The music is usually excellent, and I generally get out on the floor for a few numbers when I'm there. Give this club your attention because I've met some really nice people here.

As I mentioned earlier, activity on Long Island seems to move at a slower pace. In the city you can walk into a club and be reasonably assured of getting invited to a party, if not several. In one you can drop your laundry and party without ever leaving the premises. This is just not the case with the Long Island clubs. There is *no* on-premises swinging, and the only head you'll get is from the liquor served at the bar. Usually, you can expect to

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MISTRESS ROSEANNE

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

by MISTRESS ROSEANNE

SHOULD A LADY OFFER A GENTLEMAN'S ASSHOLE A TIPARILLO?

Mistress Roseanne, our wicked witch of the Westside, writes a whip-snapping column that drives the meek of spirit to shuddering in their shoes. This month CHERI's red-headed darling of the dominant set answers a letter sent to her by a fellow female sadist. Her response is enough to send Dear Abby to the padded cell. All you ass-licking, paddle-loving, sub-human slaves are ordered to write the Mistress immediately c/o CHERI.

photo by ALLEN

Dear Mistress Roseanne,

I have just finished reading the February issue of CHERI. I like the magazine but I buy it mainly for your column and Terry Kolb's.

The reason I enjoy your column so much is because I, too, am a Mistress. Ever since my high school days I have wanted to become a Mistress, but was always afraid to announce my true feelings for fear of ridicule. About four months ago I made the decision: "To hell with what people think, I'm going to live my life as I want to, and that is as a Mistress with a male slave to serve me."

In the past year or so I have read several books on the subject of "Female Domination". I enjoyed them and gained wonderful ideas. Then I placed an ad in one of the magazines, and that is how I acquired my male slave. He has been in my service now for two-and-a-half months and his training is far from complete. I do not mention his name because I do not think a slave's name is important, so long as he answers to "slave". I even introduce him as "My slave" to my friends.

I enjoyed reading the letter that Mistress Eileen's slave wrote to you, and I thoroughly enjoyed your reply, especially since you directed it to Her instead of Her asshole. (I frequently refer to my slave as "My asshole".) I thought your reply was absolutely brilliant.

I have patterned the treatment of my slave according to your methods.

I usually always wear a see-through negligee around the house, I do not wear panties with the negligee. The panties worn during the day are removed by my slave and promptly washed in his mouth. Mistress Eileen does not allow her slaves to look under her skirt at her respectful womanhood. I differ from her in this respect, I even pull my negligee apart and place my womanhood close to his face and then I forbid him to touch it. If he does, I whip his ass and his peter.

I whip my slave frequently and I always whip him hard. I tell my slave there are three very good reasons I whip him as much as I do. First, and most important, it gives me pleasure to whip him. Second, it teaches him who his Mistress is, and it makes him a better slave. Third, I whip him hard because a whipping has to hurt or it has no value. I vowed to myself when I took him as my slave I would whip him every day, if for no other reason than my own personal pleasure. I have kept my vow. Probably about 80 or 90% of his whippings are on his ass and legs. Occasionally I whip his back, stomach, and chest if the mood strikes me. I never whip his balls though—this is too dangerous as far as I'm concerned. His balls, however, are not exempt from punishment. I use the method Mistress Eileen uses by tying his balls back between his legs. I also put alligator clips on his sac; the alligator clip has a one-pound weight dangling from it. I fashioned a light whip to be used on his peter. I took two strands of lacing (the kind you see on the edges of billfolds), doubled them and affixed a handle. Even though this whip sounds light, it really gives his peter a good whipping. It raises tiny welts and causes his peter to turn red and even makes it swell a little.

I get quite sexed-up when I whip his peter, and when I finish, I sometimes make him fuck me. Feeling the roughness of the welts, the swollen peter sliding in and out of me, and the heat his peter has from being whipped makes me have several climaxes in succession.

Like Mistress Eileen, I, too, make my slave lick my womanhood for long periods of time. I also enjoy lying on my tummy and reading a book while he tongues my asshole.

I never allow my slave to fuck me unless I want to be fucked. I do, however, order him to jack-off for my own pleasure.

I love my life as a Mistress, and often regret I was so stupid as to care what other people thought. But now I don't care who knows it I am a beautiful woman because I am a Mistress. I am a dominant, superior female and I deserve to have a male slave to serve me if I so choose.

Mistress Roseanne, even though I try to sound as though I am experienced I still seek expert guidance and advice from a regal lady. I have a couple of situations I am not sure I know how to handle. Can you please advise me on them? Here they are:

I have been trying to train my slave to be my potty . . . you know, to drink my pee. Not only that, but also to lick my asshole clean after I shit, instead of using toilet paper on me. I have succeeded in the latter. He gets me much cleaner with his tongue than with toilet paper, both inside as well as outside. When it comes to drinking my pee, it's another story. I make him sit on the floor and lean backwards. Then he has to bend his head back as far as he can and open his mouth. I straddle his face so that my pussy is very close to his mouth, then I pee. His mouth fills up, then it overflows. Naturally, I always whip him for spilling my pee. He told me he can't swallow with his head bent back and I haven't believed him. Is he right? Shall I change positions? If so, what position would you advise? How do you do it? Please help me with this.

In your reply to Mistress Eileen you said you were sure her slave would make an interesting ashtray. When you use a slave for an ashtray do you flick the ashes on his ass? Do you snuff the cigarette out in his asshole? The reason I'm asking is because a couple of weeks ago when my slave was bathing me, he was washing my ass. He soaped his hands good, then shoved a soapy finger in my asshole. I immediately whipped him very severely and told him that only one thing is ever to go in my asshole and that is his tongue. While I was whipping him the idea entered my mind that I should burn his asshole for what he did. I refrained from this because I was not sure what the effects would be. Do you ever put a

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TWIN CITY TWAT

Lynn Berry splays her yams in a sizzling sex ad that has left its hot trail through most of the Midwest. True blue in her desire to spend her life sucking cock and lapping pussy, Lynn's been kept pretty busy answering all the horny humpers who have been contacting her. Lucky for us she's found time, between sessions, to write a column for us describing what really happens when you lay it all on the line for a personal ad. Lynn welcomes all correspondence from readers and urges you to write her c/o CHERI.

A TURD TASTER FROM TORONTO

by LYNN BERRY

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

Hi gang. Well, I must tell you that the response to my newest sex ad has been really tremendous. The postman must think I'm some sort of movie star the way he keeps on bringing me piles and piles of letters from cock-sucking, pussy-loving new friends across the nation. I'll tell you, there's no better way to meet new partners than to lay it all out in a personal ad in your local underground or sex-oriented paper. Just remember to put in the ad exactly what you're looking for—male, female, bi, S&M, B&D, water sports, etc. Whatever your thing is, I can promise you there are towns full of people with the same fantasies—dying to check them out with someone who is ready, willing and eager.

Here is a typical letter written to me by a couple trying to get more pictures of me in some juicy action poses. It was printed on that yellow lined paper that's often used by salespeople.

Dear Lynn,

You sure know how to turn a girl and her guy on. We both got hot and horny looking at your photo in the magazine. We were wishing we had our heads lodged between your voluptuous legs with our hard tongues eating your beautiful bushy cunt, and that we might have some photos of us doing it.

We are seeking a bi-girl to join us in a threesome. We do not seek another male. We both love girls. Me, especially so. Frank, my husband, just about explodes when he sees a chick lick my ass and cunt while I suck in cock. We just love making it with another girl, in every possible combination. Dildos, fingers, mouths, hot dogs, bananas, cock, you name it and we love it for hours on end. Greek and golden showers are terrific, only no B&D or S&M. We love gentle, passionate sucking and fucking in every way.

Pictures speak louder than words, and although we don't have 35mm pictures, we do have some pretty hot Polaroids, which we hope will turn you on, and make your bushy and sweet pussy hot and sticky, wanting to be fucked or sucked. A 69 with you, me and Frank would be heaven. Enclosed are some photos you can trade for by sending some back to us. Also enclosed is a hot magazine spread showing what we like. For example, girls using dildos. You may share them with your girlfriends and we hope you will encourage them to write us and send photos of themselves. We also have real hot films we will lend you if you promise to return them. One of them is of three great looking chicks using tongues, dildos and fingers on each other's cunts and assholes. I love it all. Every night and every day. Right now, I wish I could rub my nipples between the lips of your hot cunt and have you lick them clean. Hope to meet you soon.

Love,
EVE and FRANK

Pretty hot, huh? I'm looking forward to getting together with this daring duo and having some pleasant evenings with them. I also recently received the following letter that comes all the way from Toronto.

Dear Lynn,

Loved your ad. I'm 33, slim, blond, bi, and around 5'9". I'm extremely submissive to the right dominant lady. I love French especially monthly French. Golden showers, golden drinks, analingus, light spankings and animal training are right up my alley. I have a nice asshole that can be used by a Boxer or dog or your choice, in full view of you and your friends. I'll submit to your most unusual demands are long as they leave no marks or diseases. No painful things.

In October, I will be in the Twin Cities area. If you do not live far from the airport, I could pay you a visit. I am for real, and at my age, I'm not a novice.

Hope to hear from you soon so we can set up a session. I am a total submissive, so, if you're looking for an obedient male, I'm your man.

Submissively yours,
FRED

Being the horny girl I am, I answered Fred's letter immediately and was careful to keep things going in the same tone as his letter. I asked him about my screwing him with my strap-on dildo and about getting screwed by my husband, John. I also made a point to tell him we would be shooting pictures of all the action and that I was thinking of getting tougher with him with either another couple or some bi-guys. Here is his answer. He sent some photos of himself with a big dildo up his ass, which I'm sharing with CHERI readers.

Dear Lynn,

I just came back from a vacation and found your letter. Your note turned me on tremendously and I agree to everything you mentioned. I'd especially love it if you'd piss in my mouth and squat over me while I tongue your asshole. It is very humiliating to get shit (in small turds) in my open mouth. I'll gladly submit to your hubby's demands to fuck me up the asshole for long periods and then give me the champagne douche, pissing up my asshole. If you live near the airport, I'd rather meet you at your home instead of meeting at my motel. It's so much less commercial.

Sincerely,
FRED

I am going to call Fred and make a date with him for next weekend. John will pick him up at the motel to make sure he is O.K. and if he checks out, he'll bring him home. In the next issue of CHERI, I'll tell you all about the big meeting between us and Fred, the Canadian piss-drinking, shit-eating,

(Continued on page 96)

COFFEE, TEA OR PINK?

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

by PAM-ANN SWANN

BEAT YOUR MEAT, STEWS!

Peter Wolff met this winsome vixen on a recent flight and after some impromptu mile-high maneuverings realized he had not only corrupted half of coach but had made another cumly CHERI ORCHARD discovery. Now, CHERI magazine is proud to present Pam-Ann Swann, a loose lovin', free-flying stewardess who will be writing a monthly column about what it's really like to be a hot and horny, honest to goodness, cockpit cutie. From coast to coast our first class rep will expose to CHERI readers stew-zoo secrets that'll have you sailing on cloud nine. Welcome Pam to our family by writing her c/o CHERI.

photo by PETER HURD

Right off I'm telling you this—all those loose, locker-room rumors you've been hearing about us sky-dolls are true. Myself, I've sucked over Seattle, fondled over Fresno, buggered over Buffalo and mooned over Miami.

After five years of flying for a major domestic airline there isn't much I don't know about the stewing scene. Being a stewardess has really changed my life. It's hard to believe that five hundred fucks, thousands of sucks and a handful of cuntlaps ago, I was a Home Ec major all set to marry some local, (yokel), hometown dip. Sure enough, flying has opened my mind—and legs—to a lot of experiences I would never have had in Butte, Montana, where I was brought up. I'm really glad Peter Wolff has given me this opportunity to write a column for CHERI. Unfortunately, too many people are getting the impression that all stews are hard nosed, tight-twatted women's libbers. This is not true! There are still a lot of us hot-to-trot ladies who dig having a job where you can meet loads of new guys, see lots of new cities and where a sky-high screwing is only a skirt hitch away.

The latest in our mile-high shop talks is the formation of a new club. Liberated stews have decided to join forces and start exchanging stories, names and numbers on some of the heavy-duty studs we've met either as passengers or in the various cities where we are forced to spend our overnights. This information makes it much easier for us gals who after a hard day in the clouds need to get down and dirty with some eager earthling. Sometimes, however, you'll luck out and meet some dude on a flight who'll test your professional will power—which reminds me of my last trek—a non-stopper from Boston to L.A.

This was a routine flight and I wasn't expecting it to be anything but dull-city. This time, I was servicing the back coach section which was about as exciting as participating in a mass fox trot at Roseland. If it weren't for the pimply youth who kept grabbing my ass every time I squeezed through the aisles, I might have enjoyed the flight—possibly even finding the time to settle into an empty seat for some surreptious mid-flight manipulation. Anyway, after I finished dishing out the recooked, precooked excuse they serve for a supper, I figured, why defile my digitals—I'd straighten out the hair, adjust the garters, slap on my best "Take Me I'm Yours" smile and check out the other cabin. I immediately zeroed in on two guys who were lounging in first class. They had their briefcases out and seemed to be going over some very official looking documents.

I told Sarah, the first class stew, to take a break—that I'd look after her passengers. Then I slowly sashayed down the aisle till I felt their eyes swing to and fro, along with my buns. I stopped at the passengers sitting directly opposite them and inquired as to whether they might like a pillow. When they answered affirmatively, I stretched up on my tip-toes and reached for the rack until I could feel my skirt inch its way almost up to my pussy line. Just when I could sense the shadowy edge of my bush being exposed, I came down and handed the couple their pillows. As I began to walk by I heard a "pssst", and sure enough, one of the gentlemen was motioning me over.

Like the good stew I am, I immediately complied, lowering my titties to just about his big, brown eye level, and said, "May I help you, Sir?" He replied, "My friend and I couldn't help but admire you, and we were wondering whether or not you might be interested in a little show of our appreciation." With this, he pressed a bill into my palm and turned back to his papers.

I headed for the cabin, noticing that the man had given me a crisp hundred-dollar bill, and written across Franklin's puss was the message: "PLEASE MEET US IN THE JOHN AT YOUR IMMEDIATE CONVENIENCE." I glanced up, and sure enough, the seats minutes before occupied were now empty.

Well now, the money was really just an additional bonus. What I really was eager for was some hot cock sliding up my slit.

I checked out the cabin. An older gentleman sat sleeping, a young couple watched the flick, and a bunch of conventioneers laughed and spoke amongst themselves. The coast was clear.

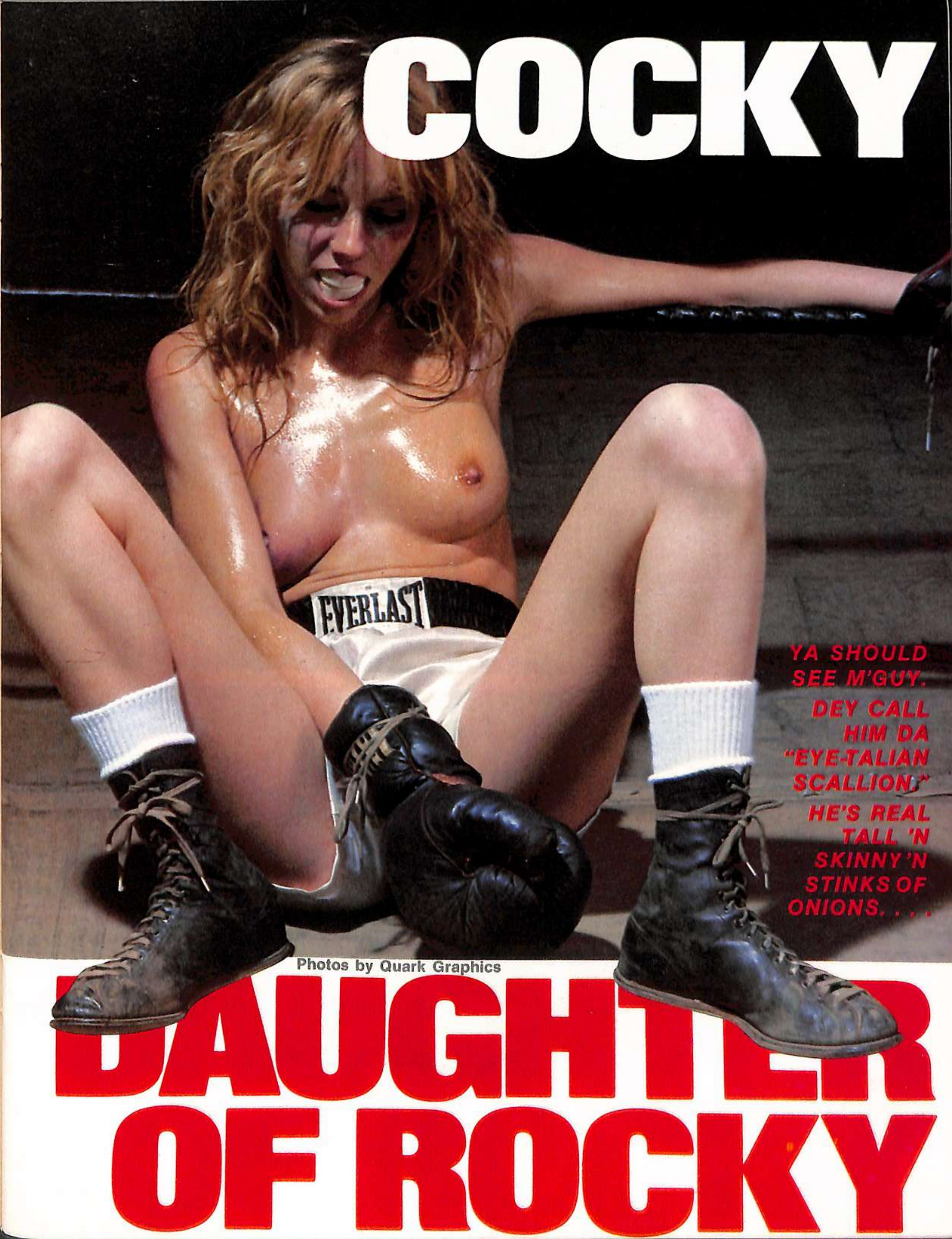
I knocked at the lavatory door in the rear of the cabin. It was slowly pushed open. There, packed in the tank like sardines, were the two friends stripped, smiling and ready for action.

"Hi, I'm George, and this is my associate, Paul," the brown-eyed one said. "Pam's the name" I replied as I unfastened my blouse and slipped out of the mandatory brassiere. I glanced across at Paul, a lanky young blond who took out his cock and began stroking it while he watched me undress.

To hell with the rest of the uniform, I thought, as I sank down to take care of this passenger's first-class hardon. I stuffed his rod into my mouth and began sucking as he clung onto the sides of the wall. Madison Square Garden this toilet was not. This cozy situation definitely presented some logistical problems. George, however, rose to the occasion and managed to squeeze in back of me, pulled my panties aside and began to lick me. As he slid his tongue into my asshole, Paul pushed his cock so far down my throat that I had visions of the plane making a 90-degree dive through the roof of some Midwestern Pizza Hut.

Instead of passing out, I held my breath and wriggled my ass farther into George's active face. Soon my friends pulled me up and

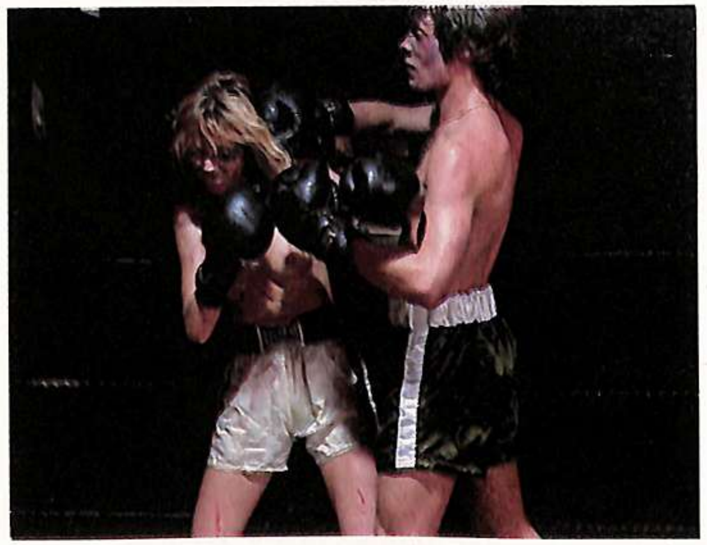
(Continued on page 97)

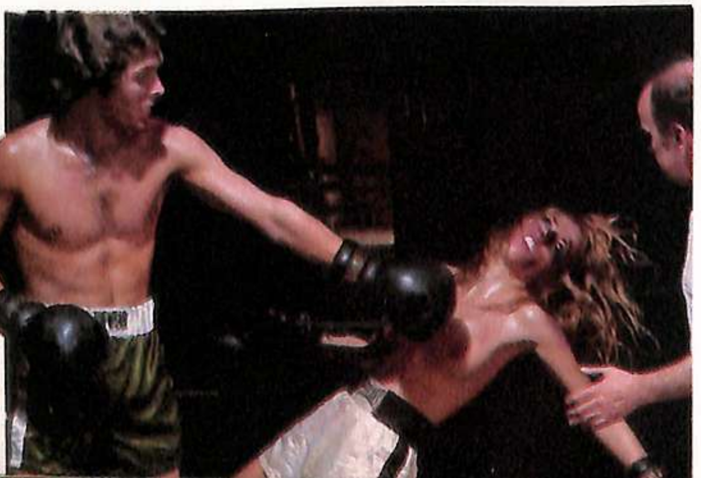


COCKY DAUGHTER OF ROCKY

YA SHOULD SEE M'GUY. DEY CALL HIM DA "EYE-TALIAN SCALLION." HE'S REAL TALL 'N SKINNY 'N STINKS OF ONIONS. . . .

Photos by Quark Graphics



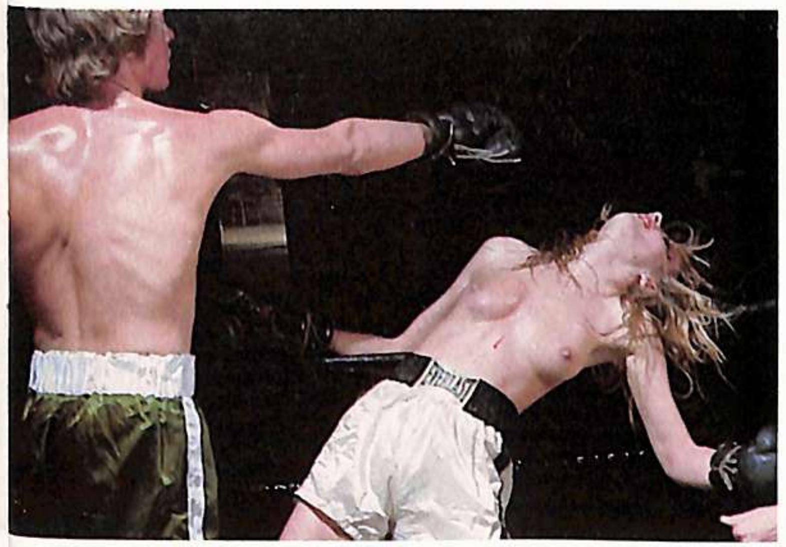


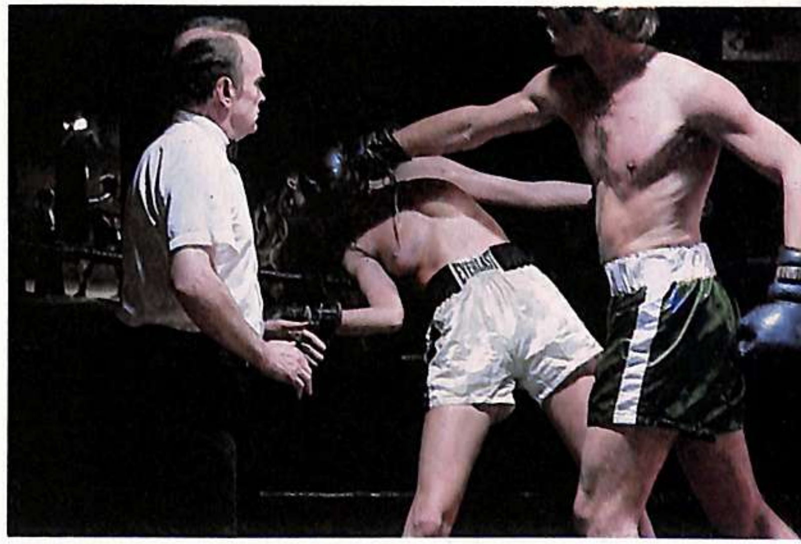
COCKY DAUGHTER OF ROCKY

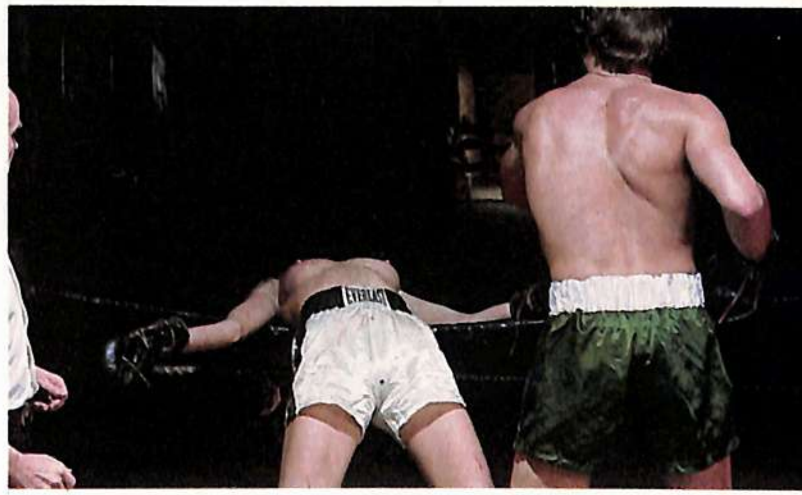
WHEN I FOUGHT DA CHAMPEEN, FOR DA FIRST TIME IN M'LIFE I WASN'T JUSS ANUDDER PHILLY BIMBO. . . .

Yo, Ma! Ya right. Ya gotta be a moron ta wanta be a fighter. But it's somethin' inside me I gotta express. Guys hit ya, they belt ya aroun', they chew the shit outta ya—don' bother me none. Nah, really. How else am I gonna get pain an' experience?

'Cause that's what ya need to be a chick in the fight game. It's rough all over. How come they keep changin' the rules? Ya hang out wit' the guys aroun' the candy store, the yoyos—*you* getta rep as a yoyo. Ya get older, ya nice to them, ya getta rep as a whore. Happened to me. Ya gotta *fight* fa yer *respeck* in this life. *Fight!* They sure as shit don' sell it down at the pet store, that I bought my only companions in my lonely flophouse room—t'ree box turtles. What wit' da price of turtle food—half the time it's fulla dust an' moths—an'

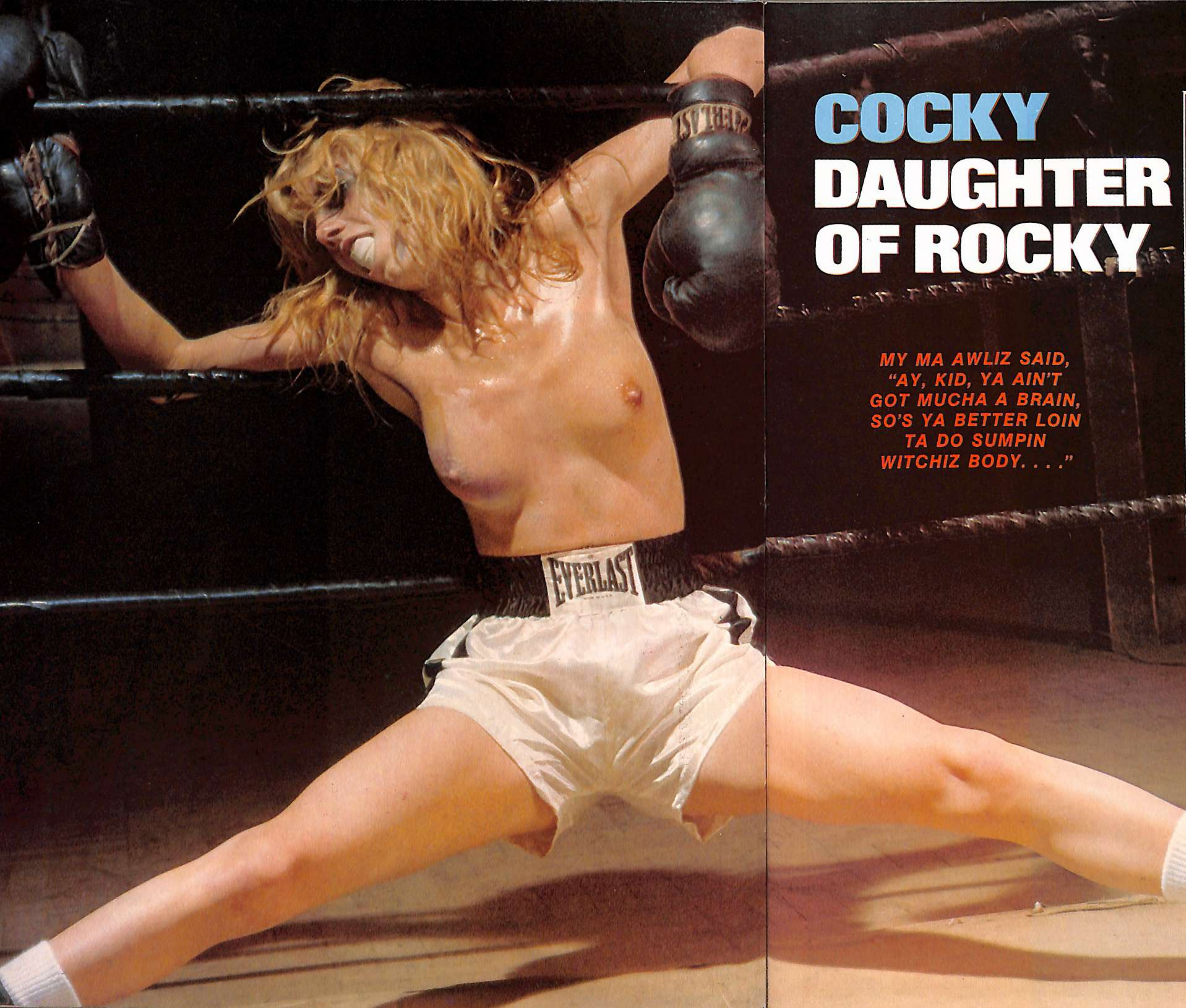






COCKY DAUGHTER OF ROCKY

MY MA AWLIZ SAID, "AY, KID, YA AIN'T GOT MUCHA A BRAIN, SO'S YA BETTER LOIN TA DO SUMPIN WITCHIZ BODY. . . ."



then, ya know, they took away my locker at the gym afta *six years*. Well, Ma! When they made me this offer, this Bicentennial Exhibition Match with Apollo Tawny, World Champeen, I hadda take it. I tole him, hey, so far I've fought just in the clubs, a ham an' egger chick—but yeah, I'm available. Plus, even with all my pain an' experience, I won't take any cheap shots.

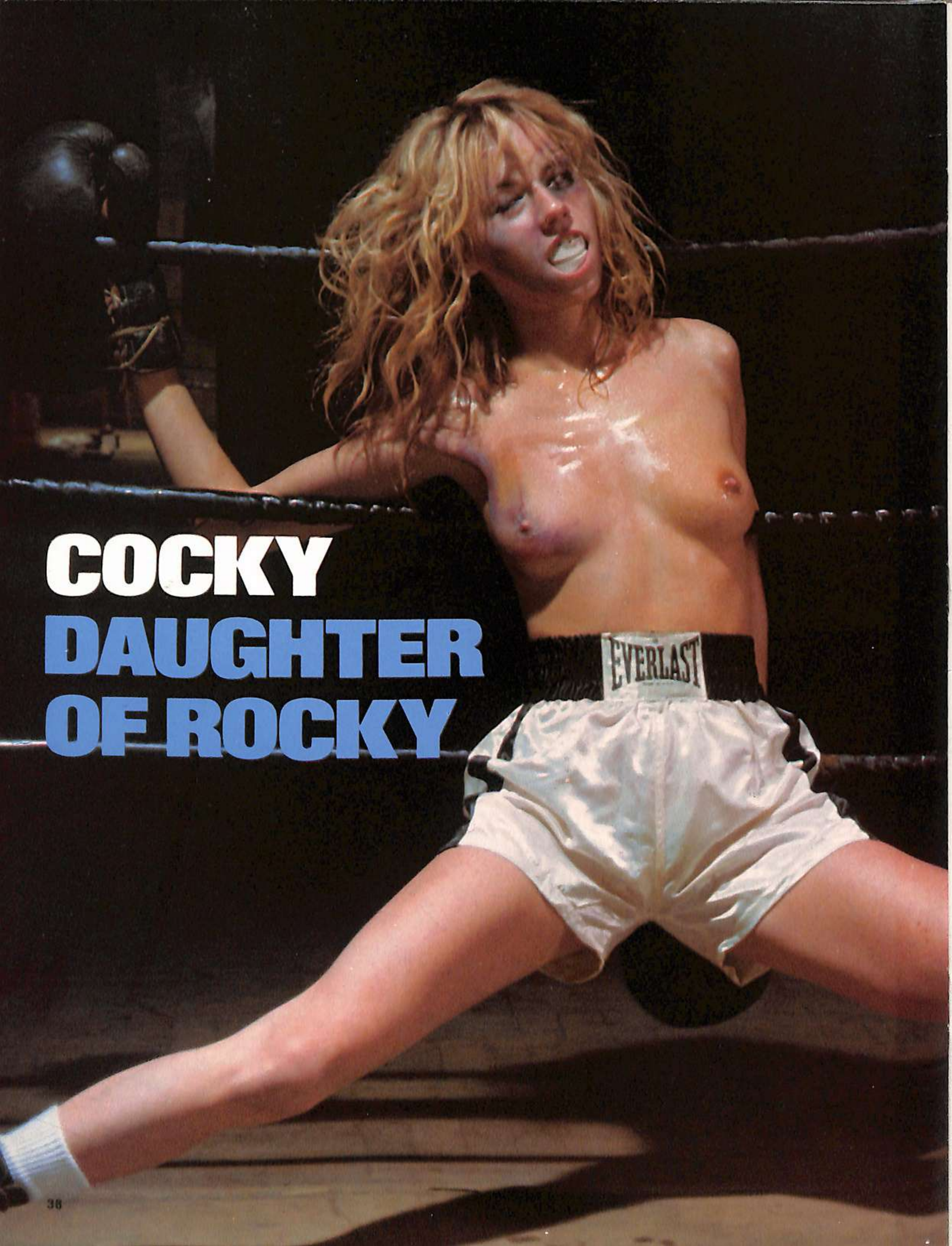
Hey, ain't America the land of opportunity? An' even wit' bein' the eternal optimist, how much longer, I'm askin' ya, can I hassle my job as punkette hood for our local witty plus basically noblehearted loan shark, which he just gave me five yards for my trainin' expenses. A girl hasta think about the future, am I right?

But still I hear ya whinin', why? Why? Ya bought me all these lacy sundresses as a brat, where did I go wrong? I'll tell you what I tole Mick, my tough-exterior-but-heart-o-gold-never-was-cauliflower-brain-76-year-old manager, I tole him, "Yo, Mick! It don' matter this guy opens up my head—*so long as I go the distance*."

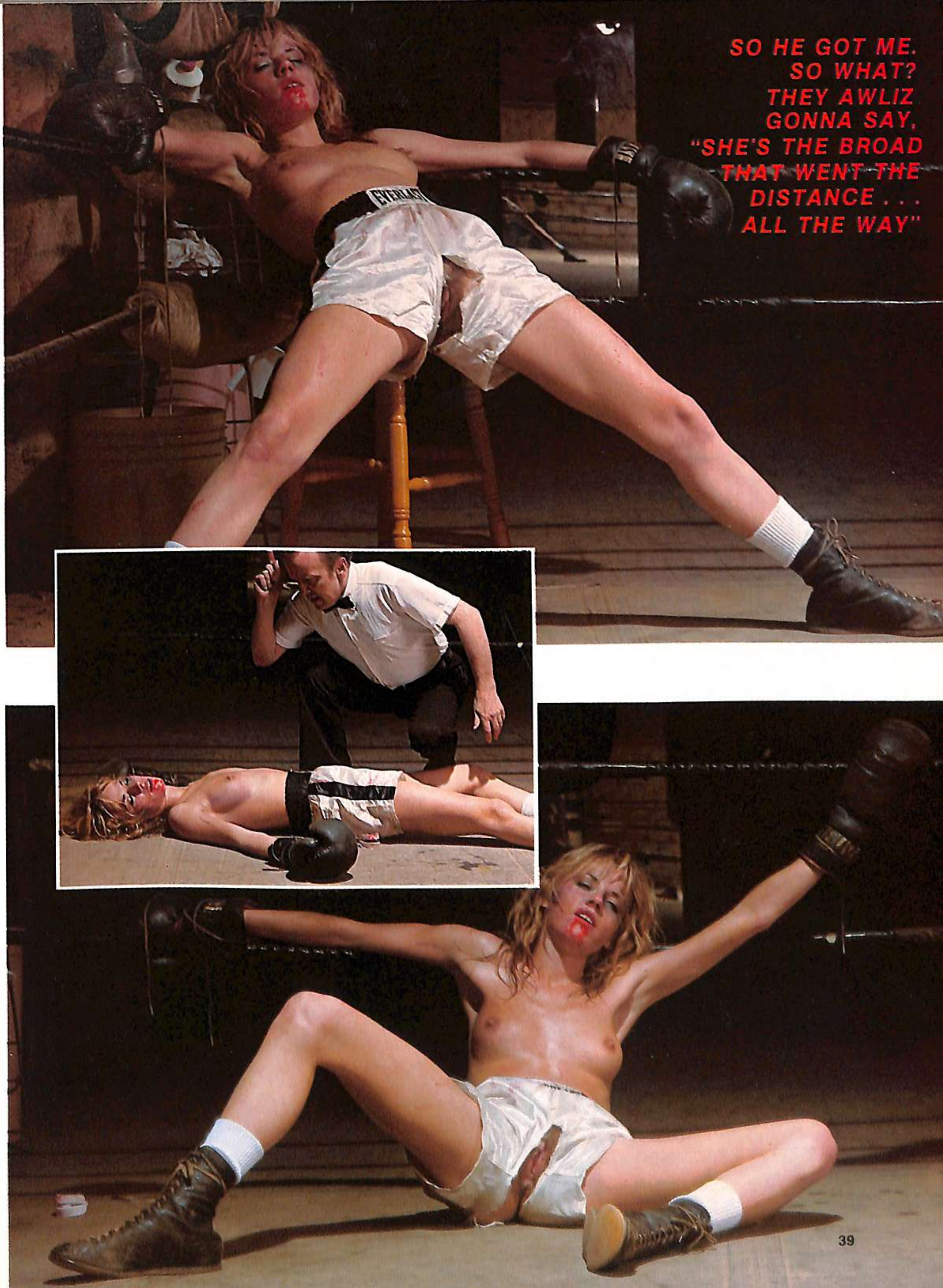
When that bell rings afta the last round—maybe I'm bleedin', maybe I'm fallin' down, maybe the snot is runnin' red outta my nose, maybe I look just lika sida beef in the Shamrock Meat Warehouse where I train every mornin' at 5 AM afta gulpin' down five raw eggs—but, get it, Ma! For the first time in my life I won't be just another bimbo from the neighborhood. No way. And when ya talkin' about South Philly, Ma, that's sayin' it all.

YA GOTTA FIGHT
FOR YER RESPECK
IN DIS LIFE. . . .

TOPWEAR
EVERLAST



COCKY DAUGHTER OF ROCKY



SO HE GOT ME.
SO WHAT?
THEY AWLIZ
GONNA SAY,
"SHE'S THE BROAD
THAT WENT THE
DISTANCE . . .
ALL THE WAY"

FIRST IT WAS LINDA, THEN GEORGINA AND JODY, NOW IT'S

SUE FEELE: THE ALMOST-SUPERSTAR

By Suzanne Feele

"Murphy's Law: Nothing is as easy as it looks. Everything takes longer than you expect—and if anything can go wrong, it will . . . at the worst possible moment."

I read the motto framed behind glass in Gerry Damiano's office and wondered if it was particularly directed at me. It reminded me of a line from an old Cream song that has been running around in my head for too many years, "If it wasn't for bad luck, I wouldn't have no luck at all." But lately, I'd had the feeling that my luck *was* changing, and for the better.

I was having more fun after working for six months as receptionist-secretary at CHERI magazine than I'd had in ten years as a schoolteacher. Life at CHERI isn't exactly what you'd call a job—more like an initiation into a new way of life. From posing for "All-American Tits" in the December issue, I quickly moved to a pictorial lesbian shoot with Sharon Mitchell, a beautiful eighteen-year-old X-rated actress. Now I was being offered a leading role in Damiano's new film about a sexual Olympics. The way this last spurt in my meteoric rise to superstardom took place was rather casual. It happened three weeks before Christmas, during a period when it was becoming painfully clear that I was going to be at least $300 short for the month. A year ago, I would have moonlighted at Macy's as a saleswoman, but, you have to remember, this is a year later, and a lot of shit has gone down.

'I'm making a fuck film this weekend,' Damiano said to me. 'I want you to be the star. Is there anything you won't do?' 'Horses and dismemberment,' I answered, with so much false bravado it scared me.

So, there I was, sitting around in the office of Andrea Ambers, our managing editor, bitching about all my medical and dental bills, and this letter that I'd just gotten from the IRS telling me I owed them $147 in back taxes . . . from 1972-1972, for Chrissakes! All that on top of Christmas. December doldrums. The pits.

Andrea, who is definitely wise beyond her twenty-five years, looked at me seriously, and said, "loops." If it weren't for Richard, my current boyfriend and contributing editor of CHERI, I wouldn't have known what a loop was. A week earlier, he had taken me to see a few in the porno supermarket behind the theater where Monica Kennedy was performing a live sex act.

For those of you who are

"If you're lucky, your partner has washed his hands in the last month or so, and has gone for his monthly V.D. check."

LIN
GEO
JODY
SUE
TRINA

Illustration by Trina Robbins

SUE FEELE

"Would that be me, buried somewhere in the midst of flailing arms and legs, or being penetrated simultaneously in every orifice of my body?"

unfamiliar with the genre, a loop is a cheaply-made, sexually explicit movie, with minimal plot and characterization and maximum sex, often shown in 25 cent automatic viewing booths to guys who jack off with newly-purchased copies of *Teenage Enema Party* on their laps.

I remembered one loop I had particularly liked—it had a skinny, very elegant woman with red lips, and long matching fingernails, wearing a red and black garter belt, furiously masturbating with a red spiked dildo. It had gotten me slightly crazed and I had begun running my hand exploringly down Richard's leg, and was pressing myself against his tightening thighs. "I can do as well as that," I said. "Better," he hissed back.

I told Andrea that loops were a possibility, but to keep her eyes and ears open for something that paid better, or had more class to it. According to Richard, who is a loop maven, you walk into a foul-smelling studio, littered with half-empty paper coffee cups and half-eaten doughnuts, ask for your $50 in advance, meet your partner, fuck or suck for twenty minutes and go home. If you're lucky, your partner has washed his hands in the last week or so, and has gone for his monthly V.D. check. Most of the time, you're not that lucky. Added to that are all the smarmy troglodytes in the business, who keep trying to find new and inventive ways for you to debase yourself . . . and for cheap change, too. You can see why I wasn't crazy about doing loops.

Andrea's eyes narrowed. "I have another idea," was all she'd say. She left the office and returned at five o'clock. "It's done," she enthused. "Damiano wants to see you." "Gerald Damiano?" I asked disbelievingly. This is the man who made *Deep Throat*, *The Devil in Miss Jones*, and *The Story of Joanna*. The same man who had discovered Linda Lovelace, Kim Pope, Annie Sprinkle and Jody Maxwell, the singing cocksucker. "What does he want with me?" I was weak with anticipation. "He's shooting a three-day wonder this weekend and he thinks he can use you in one of the leading roles."

"I'll take it," I said. "What's a three-day wonder?"

"It's a low budget film, somewhere between ten and twenty thousand dollars, shot in one or two locations with a non-union crew, and wrapped up in three days. It's tough work, but you're strong. You can handle it."

My head swam slightly. I thought of Times Square, New York's glitter boulevard, studded with ruby lights. There was my name sparkling for a brief moment on a marquee—Sue Feele, co-starring with Marc Stevens and Jamie Gillis in *Three's No Crowd*. Not bad. And all those interviews on the Johnny Carson and Tom Snyder shows. Sue Feele—the household word. "Hey, Martha, didja see who S. Superstar was seen with at Regine's last night? Orson Wells!" Yeah, I could definitely dig that. And money, too. I'd cap all my teeth, get the eye, ear, nose and throat man off my back, and the IRS, too, for that matter. With what was left over I'd buy Richard a star sapphire pinky ring and get the CHERI office a really competent office

(Continued on page 70)

THE GIRL WHO'S DONE EVERYTHING

BOOTS BY JUMPING JACK FLASH

By ANDREA AMBERS

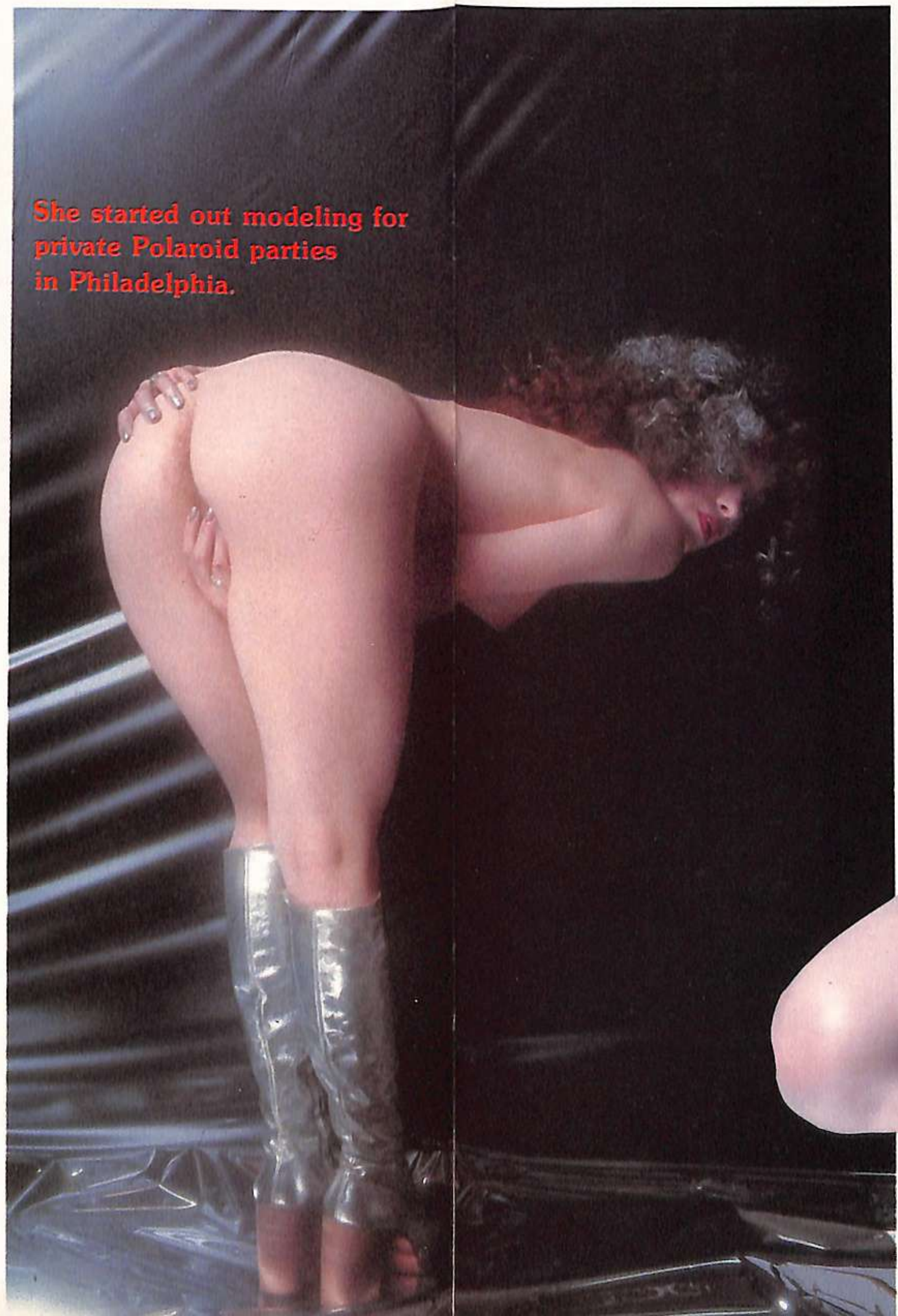
"While everyone else was going to Sweet Sixteens, I was cashing in on Polaroid parties."

Alexzandra (her nom de porn) expounded enthusiastically as she sat delicately wiping the ketchup run-over off the side of her mouth.

"Actually it was a pretty good deal. For $25 an hour a group of 60-year-old guys pretended they were the Richard Avedons of the Instamatic set." As you have undoubtedly discovered, our pamperable pinup is quite a tender mouthful. However, there is much more to this looker than meets your beady, deviate eyes. To begin with Alexzandra's been a topless dancer, burlesque queen, modeling studio hostess, Polaroid princess and a porno starlet. Quite a resume for a girl barely teasing 21. Other "accomplishments" include a marriage at 17 to a homosexual she claims to have converted, "more or less," and an imminent move to Paris, where she hopes to find, "fame, fortune and whatever other funky things I can get involved with."

Toying with her french fries over a late afternoon luncheon, I spoke with this exotic creature who truly embodies America's famed raunched-out, sex-upped, liberated "younger generation."

Five years ago—then a timid 15-year-old schoolgirl—Alexzandra readily admitted to being happily esconced in a large Philadelphia family who she claims,



She started out modeling for private Polaroid parties in Philadelphia.

Alexzandra, the youngest, old-time porno queen, has been flashing her slash in all the familiar places.

"were not your average run-of-the-mill parents."

The description that followed in explanation of what untypical parents she actually had were immediately followed with a, "you mustn't

Sure, we swing with our friends. My husband and I are both in love with the guitarist from his band.

print it . . . promise," so I can't—but, believe me, it was hot. Anyway, barely out of training lingerie and still plagued with pimplish signs of puberty she began her life of the lewd by posing for raunchy stag parties and other intimate Instamatic gatherings.

"Usually," she explains, motioning to the waitress for another Coke, "I placed an ad in a popular siwngers'

I've peddled my buns in front of Instamatics, why not make twice as much shaking my titties.

magazine, something along the lines of, "Lovely, Nubile and Nude. Yours for the Snappin'." Granted it was tacky but the response was sensational. . . . None of the teachers at school could understand why I didn't participate in any clubs or student-oriented groups; little did they know I had my own after-school activities and it sure beat babysitting."

As she spoke, visions of half-crazed dribbling photobugs focusing mindlessly on gaping cunts and rigid tits danced in my rapidly deteriorating mind. However, I was wrong.

"All I really did was take off my clothes and twist around a lot. Spreads were extra, and I rarely masturbated or anything like that. . . . Actually, most of the 'photographers' were so old and nervous they could hardly hold the camera straight. I'm sure if their pictures ever came out they'd be black or blurry."

Sometime in between her high-school graduation and her 16th birthday, Alexzandra stumbled across a tripping youth laying in a field staring up at the stars—during the day. . . .

"As soon as I saw him I knew we were meant for each other."

At the moist, young age of 17 she was married, with her parents' blessings, in a church complete with bridesmaids, bestmen and accordion players playing "Lady of Spain" and other all-time favorites.

"I was married in my grandmother's wedding gown. Beautiful, clingy white satin—I guess everyone thought I was getting married because I was pregnant, since I was so young, but in that dress—no way. It looked as though I was poured into it. Very sexy stuff."

The fact that her husband was an admitted homosexual proved to be only a minor deterrent. Within a few months she had him enthusiastically bisexual and, after the first

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A SCENE WITH MISS VICKIE LOU

By MISS VICKIE LOU

ONE OF AMERICA'S MOST BEAUTIFUL OMINANTS DESCRIBES A RECENT SCENE.

He gazed around the spacious suite, decorated in red velvet, with a heavy Spanish accent. His heartbeat quickened as he anticipated serving his Mistress, Miss Vickie. He paced anxiously from one room to another imagining the events that would be occurring in several hours.

He was attired in black nylons, garter belt and panties. Erotic feelings disrupted his usual thought patterns, as his mind kept flashing to what his Mistress was going to do with him.

Many fantasies flashed through his mind; he could not help but fondle his cock while meandering from one fantasy to another. He restrained himself from completing his masturbation, and his organ stood at a full erection.

This slave had had one session already with the beautiful, mystifying Miss Vickie and knew the range of her imagination as well as her capability to transform her thoughts to reality. His apprehension at his first session with Miss Vickie had only been alleviated by his curiosity and sexual arousement. Being a novice, he had had no idea what was in store for him. Now, however, while waiting for this encounter with his exquisite mind-bending Mistress, every minute seemed like an hour as he systematically glanced at his watch every 60 seconds.

Finally, the moment arrived and a gentle yet firm knock at the door echoed in his head. Taking a deep breath, he nervously put out the cigarette he was smoking to quiet his nerves and, trying to calm his shaking body, he opened the door.

His efforts were abortive, for the second he looked up at the towering beautiful Amazon of a woman, he fell apart at the seams. As he tried to compose himself, he realized she was more beautiful than anyone he had ever

"Close the door! Place yourself on your knees and crawl into the center of this room so that I can inspect my slave more closely."

This slave had had one session already. He knew the range of her cruel imagination . . . but being a novice he had no idea of what was in store. . . .

MISS VICKIE LOU

seen. Her long flowing brunette hair softly caressed the magnificent beauty of her face. With her penetrating dark brown eyes, high cheek bones, and flawless complexion she looked like an angel and the devil at the same time. There was no role playing or acting of any kind with Miss Vickie. From the moment he laid eyes on her, he had not the slightest doubt that she was the real thing.

As she walked through the door, she spoke softly but firmly. "Close the door! Place yourself on your knees and crawl into the center of this room so that I can inspect my slave more closely." Excited and half terrified, he began crawling clumsily. At

(Continued on page 85)

"His body tingled when Miss Vickie touched him with her leather gloves as she applied the penis and ball restraints. She added a two-pound weight to the testicles. The slave bent over. . . ."

Jewel Box Revue

(Continued from page 16)

hotel, right smack on the beach, is the host for the foxiest, freakiest drag show around. Carol Channing, Bette Midler, and Pearl Bailey are so incredibly impersonated you'll swear you're seeing the real thing. Tickets are $5.50 and $6.50, reservations are advised.

Strippers are a sexy bunch, but I'll tell you, for really class flash, there's nothing like a female impersonator. He's got that true show-biz magic that actually suspends belief. First he convinces you he's all woman, and then that he's all Bette Midler or Pearl Bailey—and that's art.

These foxes are three superbly gifted boys, backed up by a charming chorus line of equally sweet stuff, who've got their star shticks all together. Before a big-spending crowd at the Jewel Box in the Fountainbleu, they pranced through Barbra Streisand, Bette Midler, Carole Channing and Pearl Bailey, perfect to the last flick of an eyelash. If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, these boys have been devoted to the grand dames since puberty—they're that realistic.

Now the Fountainbleu—and their review has since moved to the equally high-rent Eden Roc—attracts a more elite crowd than your average burlesque joint, so wear clean underwear and bring your toniest credit cards. When the three launch into their "Hello Dolly" all-chorus crooning finale, you'll be so dazzled by the swishes and the sequins you'll realize they were well worth the price of admission.

DADE AND THE DOLPHINS

(Continued from page 17)

expenses, are always welcome. Information on exactly what's going on can be obtained by writing to Darlene at the above P.O. Box.

Who's the guy who always knows where you can find the best sex in town? The nearest bellboy. And in such a tourist-centered city as Miami, especially along the luxurious, beachfront "Miracle Mile", he's a king. Interestingly enough, I have found this to be the case in any spot with a heavy transient trade, from Rio to San Remo to Rangoon.

"I see a guy, alone, waiting in the lobby. Maybe his wife's in the beauty salon, maybe he came down by himself with a convention. One look at his clothes and I can tell he can afford a good time . . . and if he's got that slightly horny look on his face . . ." Bobby was your typical adorable stud bellboy, with various side hustles. He let it be known that his surfer smile was also available to the many wealthy widows who flocked south for the season . . . but mainly, he made himself helpful as a go-between between the guests and the girls of their dreams. The guest knows he can trust him—because, after all, he is right there in the hotel and wouldn't risk his reputation by sending up dogs. And the girl is very grateful to be on his list, because she's assured of meeting up with a bona-fide client, and not a vice cop . . . so he makes a fat tip off both.

Now right here I will mention the strong feelings between the working girl, as the Miami prostitute prefers to be called, and those !&***%!! cops, as she prefers to call the vice squad. The battles are classic. Dade County has such old-fashioned laws against togetherness that a girl can be prosecuted for "licentious sexual intercourse without hire"—meaning, not even getting money for it! "And if a girl even lives with a guy," Darlene, the feisty, well-spoken president of Dolphin, the Miami area branch of COYOTE, told me, "she can be busted for lewd and lascivious activity! Or fornication, or even prostitution—seems like everything's illegal, unless it's between husband and wife in the missionary position!"

The vice squad takes a very different view of the hustling scene, viewing it, almost entirely, as a sordid, criminal activity. I was told of the menace of runaways who come south for the season and hang out on Biscayne Boulevard. Supposedly the street is infested with them, soliciting openly, strung out on drugs, and more than willing to grab a purse from a tourist too blissed-out on the tropical breezes. "That's what they *claim*," says Darlene, derisively," but every time *I've* checked out the scene, I can't find anything like that."

Well, to sum it up, the law of supply and demand and the long arm of the real law have been in a wrestling match for years now, and the customer is not always the winner. Where escort services and massage parlors advertise openly in the newspaper—which seems to make them very legitimate to me—that also makes them very open to arrest. One of the 'escort' girls told me that many of her clients are older men who really do want an escort, and nothing else. "Once we've had dinner and taken in a show, he's too pooped to play around."

But under the strange selective enforcement system in Dade County, an officer can ring up an escort service, request a girl sent to his 'hotel,' and then arrest her when she mentions the escort fee or tip. She is further entrapped should she touch her 'client' in any way. Of course the girls are outraged by this—*especially* after the officer has enjoyed their favors as further proof of her 'criminality.'

There was one instance where a cop sauntered into an ultra-classy massage parlor and the girl recognized him as the self-same rat who busted her a few months back. Okay, she thought, I'll have some fun with this boy. He requested the full treatment and she said sure, as he slides into a sunken tub. She pours hot water over his head—then soapsuds—then hotter water—she was having a ball. But alas, when she handed him the towel, she did touch him, and he arrested her for violation of the massage law.

Now, this is only a misdemeanor, and most girls simply pay the fine—$500 to $1,000, avoiding the six months to a year in jail—and go right back to work. In a tourist area such as this, it is still a lucrative profession—even with the constant menace of harassment.

Some girls get it, some don't. Prostitution is as much a class-structured society as a French court, it seems to me. The hotel call girl, with her elegant appointments, looks down on the massage parlor girl, who must depend on the house manager for her fair payment. The massage girl looks down on the streetwalker who hangs out in bars and solicits on sidewalks. The sassy streetwalker feels superior to the girl who works in a house—she thinks, Ha! I have all the freedom she'll never have. And they *all* despise the runaway teeny-boppers on the beach, who are givin' it away for free. "Now *that's* a whore!" exclaimed one escort doll, who looked just like a younger Joey Heatherton and expected a big producer to whisk her away to Hollywood at any moment. "A working girl has much more class to her when she asks for something in *return*."

As I observed on my visits to California, there does seem to be a new seventies-style hooker on the horizon—namely, a girl, perhaps a nurse, a secretary, a stewardess—making money on the side. In California they called them "weekend wonders"—they'd fly up to Tahoe or Vegas after work on Friday and come home Sunday with flat backs and fat wallets. In Miami, she might link up with a friendly bellboy or, as is the local custom, share a house or apartment with friends in the suburbs.

Which is how Darlene got in trouble in the first place. "I knew the working girl needed some sort of protective organization down here," she explains, "but I never did anything about it until the Fort Lauderdale Police Department raided my *home*! I was sitting around with a few friends and they dragged me in . . . "

A simple case of being caught red-handed? I mean, what were those girls doing—setting up for a bingo tournament? "That's not what's *important*!" storms Darlene—and since the case is already 18 months old, she's had plenty of time to work up a righteous rage. "They arrested me on twenty counts of prostitution. Now most gals just accept, plead guilty and pay the fine. Not me—I challenged the state! I said, Prove it! Two weeks later a certain high official called and said they'd drop all the charges—*if* I'd inform on a list of twenty top political names. The first thing they do with any girl who's arrested is try and make a deal to get the goods on somebody big. My list was all very influential men—attorneys, politicians, judges, doctors. I recognized perhaps half of the names, and knew only three or four of these socially. And I insisted on taking a polygraph test, to prove I was telling the truth . . .

"Of course when this hit the newspapers the police denied it for three days, then admitted it. And that's made the case very hot down here.

"It's just harassment. COYOTE was started down here with the aid of some members from the National Organization of Women, in Tampa, who could see the obvious discrimination. So many working girls are afraid to join, afraid to have their faces known—but we have many feminists, attorneys and other upstanding citizens aiding the cause. There's no way you're gonna stop prostitution—but it should be *decriminalized*. Leave the girls alone, leave the massage parlors alone, and you won't have that so-called 'trouble' on street corners. Which, from what I've seen, over 90% of the time is the *man* soliciting. 'Hey baby, you got a nice ass—wanna make it?' And he *never* gets hauled in!"

From the number of busts I've heard about, perhaps I could say that the law officials are

(Continued on page 71)

cheri MAKES A MOVIE

It's lights, camera, and plenty of action as production begins on an 8mm classic starring the Incredible Cherry Bomb.

By PETER WOLFF

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER HURD

CHERI is a magazine family and, in our first nine issues, we've devoted ourselves totally to putting out the best, most exciting, and most informative magazine we know how.

Recently, we stumbled our way into the movie business, almost by accident. So all of a sudden, we now find ourselves up to our rears in celluloid.

Here's how it happened:

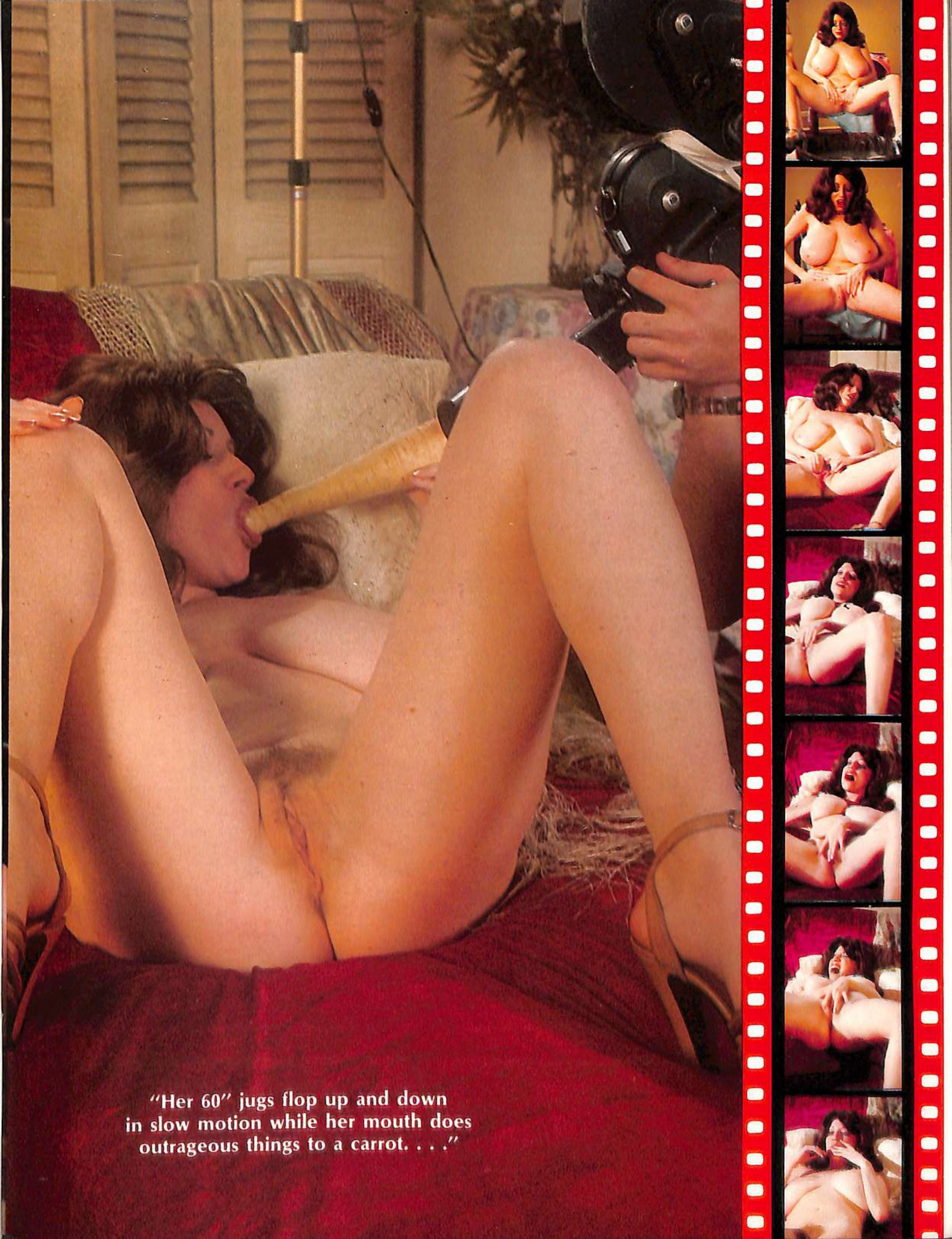
One day last fall columnist Kim Pope came up with a great idea. As a veteran of porn movies, she felt that she would like to repay some of her fans. So, through her column, she held a contest in which one of her devotees could win a free trip to New York and a hard-core photo session with her.

The contest was a terrific success—and it spurred a second idea: this one from the semen-stunted and cock-maddened mind of Andrea Ambers. We called it our "Cheri Orchard Movie Contest" and it went like this: any reader could write the script for a short movie to star any one of the regular CHERI contributors. The prize in this contest was a starring role opposite his favorite CHERI lady.

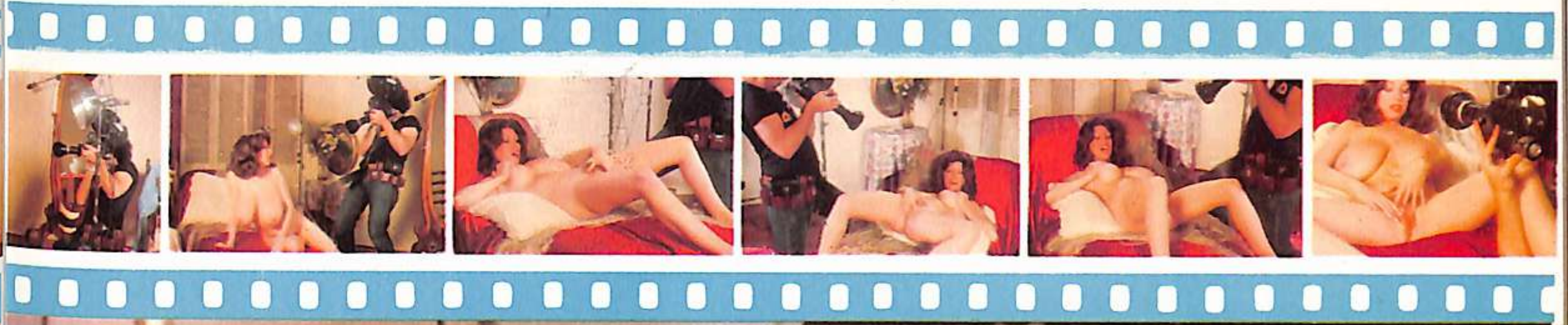
Before you begin screaming, "Well, whatever happened to that contest?", let me just tell you that we got so many entries (and so many great ones!) that it's going to take us quite a while to select the winners.

Anyhow, the end result of this Orchard Movie Derby is that we were going to have to go into the movie business—by producing our own ten-minute movies, starring our readers and our columnists—which we could then sell through these pages.

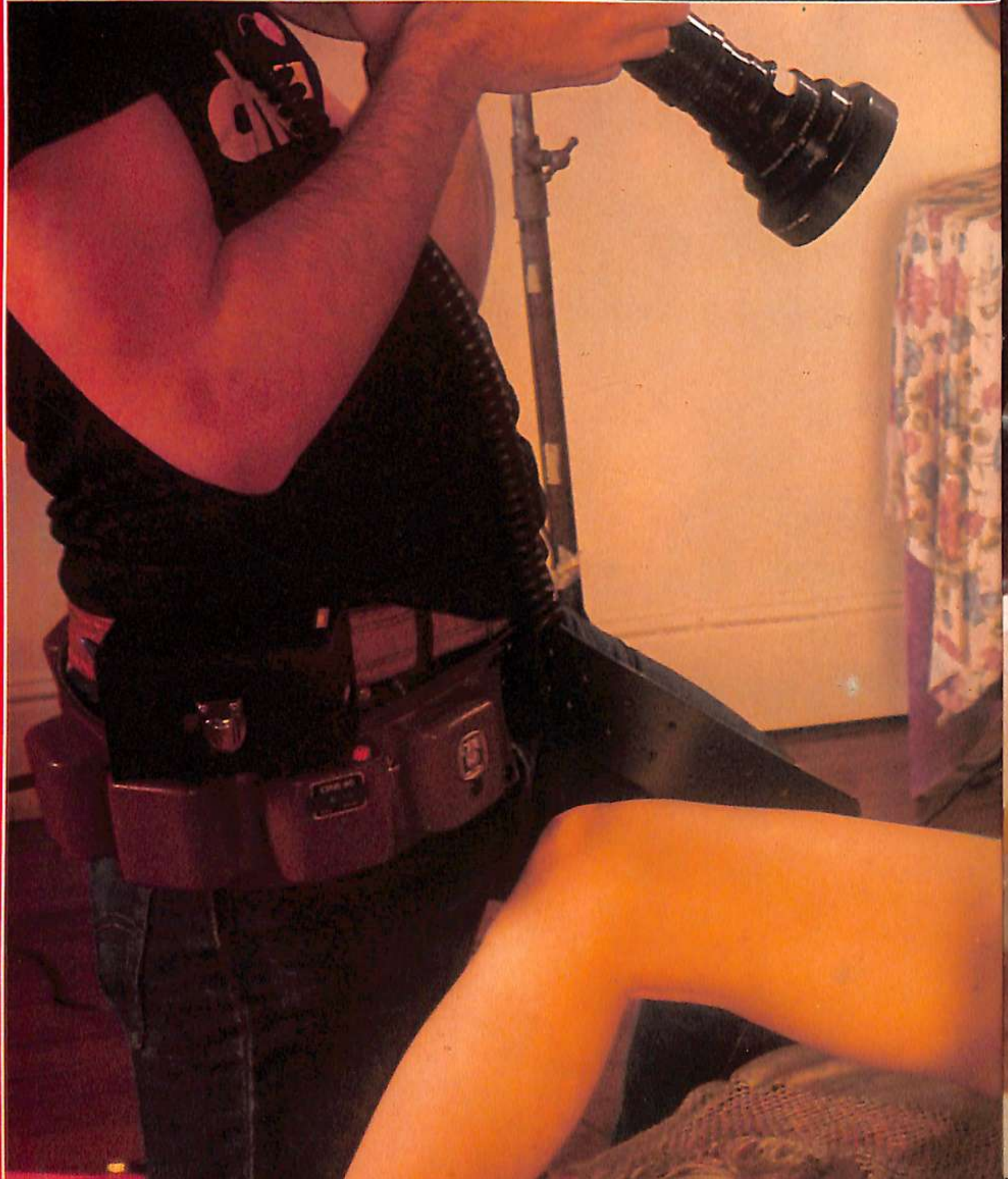
Thus began CHERIFILM PRODUCTIONS. And I'm happy to report that we've just



"Her 60" jugs flop up and down in slow motion while her mouth does outrageous things to a carrot. . . ."



"Two months ago she was an innocent little commercial artist who was shy about showing her boobs.
Now, like a supernova, she explodes across the homescreen in Technicolor glory!"



"A former groupie, Cheri tells us she prefers fucky-sucky to breathing. . . ."

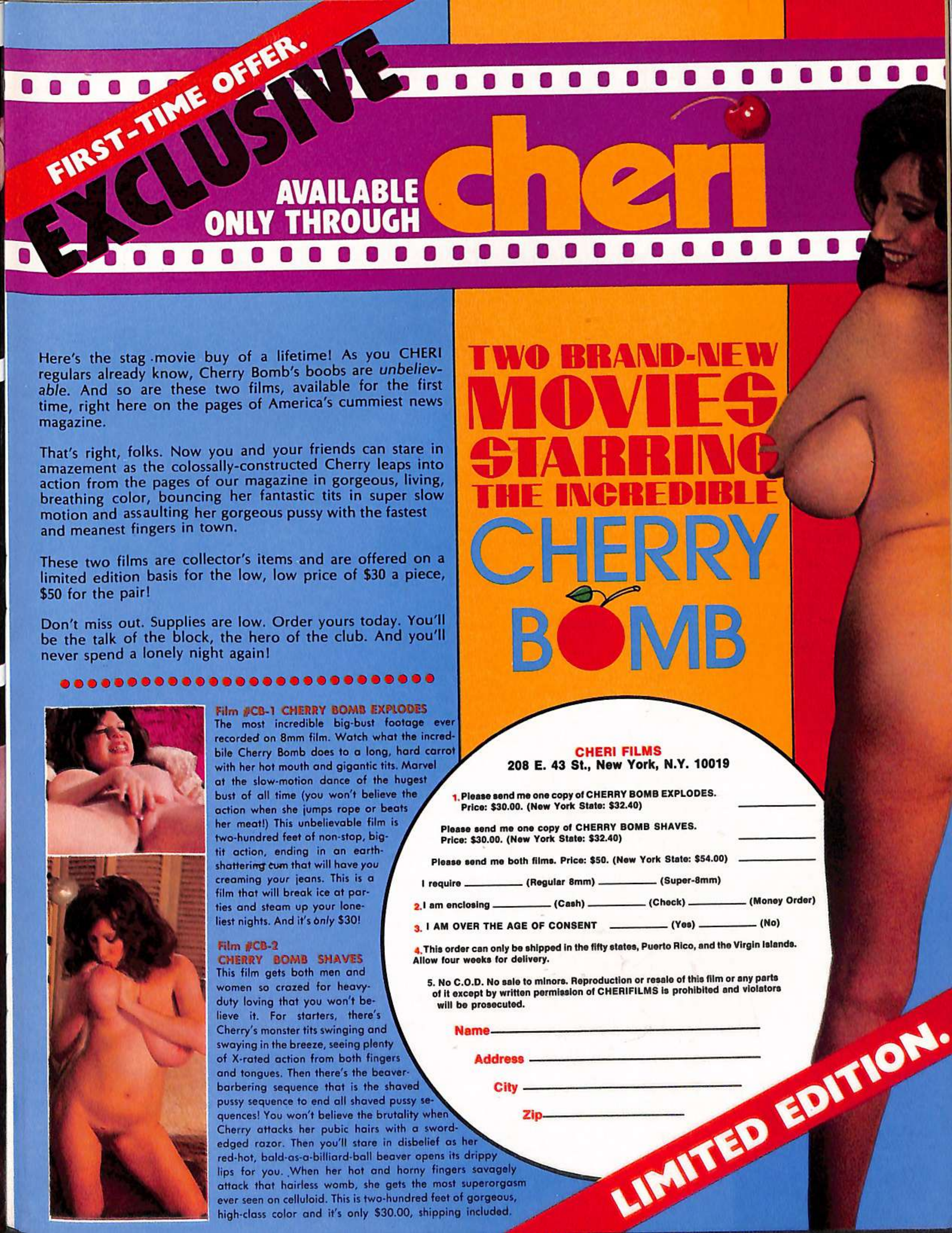
completed our first two films: a pair of all-time classics featuring our newest and best-hung heroine, the inimitable Cherry Bomb.

You may recall when Cherry debuted in our last issue that very little was known about her. She came to us off the streets, a waiflike and innocent little girl named Cheri Baum who just happened to have a 60" set of jugs. We didn't know if she could act, we didn't know if she'd show pink, we didn't know if she could even give a decent blowjob.

Well, Cherry's two films: *Cherry Bomb Explodes* and *Cherry Bomb Skins The Pussy* shows how far she's come from the dainty little Oklahoma honey we first met. Like a star of the greatest magnitude, she virtually explodes across the screen. You won't believe what she does to a carrot. You can't believe the image of two giant lungs flopping up-and-down in jump-rope slow-motion. You can't believe what her gaping, hungry pussy looks like after it silky down has been razored away.

For those of you who need facts with their fancies, we can only tell you that Ms. Baum is twenty-six years old, single, and a commercial artist whose drawings we hope will someday grace the pages of this magazine. She says she prefers fucking to sucking and fucking-and-sucking to breathing! She's very into music and was a former groupie. As a result, she'll be doing a rock-and-disco gossip column which starts on these pages this month.

Don't worry, you haven't seen the last of her!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That's right, folks. Now you and your friends can stare in amazement as the colossally-constructed Cherry leaps into action from the pages of our magazine in gorgeous, living, breathing color, bouncing her fantastic tits in super slow motion and assaulting her gorgeous pussy with the fastest and meanest fingers in town.

These two films are collector's items and are offered on a limited edition basis for the low, low price of $30 a piece, $50 for the pair!

Don't miss out. Supplies are low. Order yours today. You'll be the talk of the block, the hero of the club. And you'll never spend a lonely night again!

Film #CB-1 CHERRY BOMB EXPLODES
The most incredible big-bust footage ever recorded on 8mm film. Watch what the incredibile Cherry Bomb does to a long, hard carrot with her hot mouth and gigantic tits. Marvel at the slow-motion dance of the hugest bust of all time (you won't believe the action when she jumps rope or beats her meat!) This unbelievable film is two-hundred feet of non-stop, big-tit action, ending in an earth-shattering cum that will have you creaming your jeans. This is a film that will break ice at parties and steam up your loneliest nights. And it's *only* $30!

Film #CB-2 CHERRY BOMB SHAVES
This film gets both men and women so crazed for heavy-duty loving that you won't believe it. For starters, there's Cherry's monster tits swinging and swaying in the breeze, seeing plenty of X-rated action from both fingers and tongues. Then there's the beaver-barbering sequence that is the shaved pussy sequence to end all shaved pussy sequences! You won't believe the brutality when Cherry attacks her pubic hairs with a sword-edged razor. Then you'll stare in disbelief as her red-hot, bald-as-a-billiard-ball beaver opens its drippy lips for you. When her hot and horny fingers savagely attack that hairless womb, she gets the most superorgasm ever seen on celluloid. This is two-hundred feet of gorgeous, high-class color and it's only $30.00, shipping included.

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4. This order can only be shipped in the fifty states, Puerto Rico, and the Virgin Islands. Allow four weeks for delivery.

5. No C.O.D. No sale to minors. Reproduction or resale of this film or any parts of it except by written permission of CHERIFILMS is prohibited and violators will be prosecuted.

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SUE FEELE

(Continued from page 40)

temp, which they sorely needed. The sex —well, I'd grin and bear it.

By five-thirty, I had my contact lenses in, had brushed on a generous mouth of pornstar red lipgloss, and opened the bottom three buttons on my skirt.

Upon entering Damiano's Strawberry Hill office, I was greeted by a super-straight-looking dude in horn-rimmed glasses, blue and white soccer shirt, and faded jeans. "I'm here to see Mr. Damiano," I said coolly. "You must be be Suzanne Feele from CHERI. Mr. Damiano's expecting you." A sudden panicky thought. What if I was asked to strip? I couldn't remember whether my underwear was clean or not. I got a grip on myself. I lit a cigarette and managed not to drop the match. Cool. I was really cool.

Damiano walked in. He's a small, slightly paunchy man in his early fifties, with a warm smile enhanced by slightly protuberant capped teeth. He looked avuncular, if your uncle happened to be a consiglore in a Sicilian clan. He greeted me warmly. We bandied the usual compliments back and forth. "You're very charming." "You make such wonderfully *explicit* movies." Lots of teeth flashing all around. Down to business. "Come into my private office where we can talk more comfortably. "Said the spider to the fly," I thought. A line of Gloria Leonard's struck me. It was something to the effect that you used to have to fuck to get hired, but that was no longer true since you were being hired to fuck. Anyway, Damiano didn't look like a guy who would make a forward pass unless he knew it would be retrieved well. I started de-eroticizing my appearance by surreptitiously re-doing the buttons on my skirt and crossing my legs. But it wasn't necessary—Damiano and I understood each other.

Damiano's inner office held some surprises. It was tastefully decorated in French provincial furniture, with ormulu lamps, and badly reproduced Renoir prints of virginal little girls stolling down country walks. Park Avenue periodontist decor. The image was only slightly marred by a bearded puppet, hanging conspicuously on the wall, which was wearing chains and a leather collar around its neck, and had surprisingly life-like chest hair.

Damiano began to question me. "Have you ever acted before?" "No," I answered truthfully . . . "What makes you think you can?" "Well," I said, "I've been on the American Blue Show on cable TV for the last month discussing my intimate sexual experiences, and I wasn't nervous." "Yeah, but that's not acting." "I taught drama." (A little white lie.) The closest I ever got to drama was a very small production of *Casey at the Bat* with a seventh-grade class. "Ummmmmm," he said. I screwed up my courage. It was time for the super-hype. "I'm a natural," I said, "like Annie Sprinkle." "Ummmmm-hummmmmm." He was definitely getting interested. "Have you ever fucked with other people watching you?" "No," I said, uncrossing my legs, and re-eroticizing quickly. "but I really like the idea." Strangely enough, I did. More teeth all around.

"Uh," Damiano paused, "is there anything you don't—uh—*do*, sexually?" "Sure," I said. "Lots of things. Like horses suspended by chains from the ceiling. The chains might break." He nodded sympathetically. "Anything else?" "Dismemberment," I said, then added coyly, "and ass fucking, unless I'm in love, of course." "That's all right," he said. "We always do those scenes with our standard anal girls like Mary S—." "How about scenes with other women?" I prefer those." El Exigente was pleased.

I made a suggestion. "Why don't you give me a script to read? I'll just take one of the parts and you can feed me the cue lines." He went out and came back with a rejected script whose title escapes me. It was something like, *Mayhem in the Seraglio*. I read my part, that of a dopey slave girl, as best I could. It definitely sounded a little like, *Casey at the Bat*. "A bit wooden," Damiano commented. To my credit, I squeezed a lot out of lines like, "Put the bit between my teeth, Sir Gregory."

Damiano had another suggestion. "Why don't we just play-act an imaginary scene together?" Goody. Psychodrama.

"We've been married for ten years, you've been cold in bed for the last three, and I've got a girlfriend on the outside. Every Tuesday I tell you I'm going to go bowling with my friends, but you know I'm really balling this chick."

I looked at Damiano and blinked. "That's no fantasy," I said. "That's my life!" We proceeded to act it out. I apologized for all the headaches, and pre-menstrual and mittelschmerz cramps, and finally cajoled him into staying home with me. "We'll listen to Mantovani on the console," I crooned, "order out some chinx, and eat out each other's asses while watching the Sonny and Cher show."

Damiano: "You're terrific."

"Stop by tomorrow after work, and Bill, the director, will give you the script. Also, bring some nude pictures of yourself." We shook hands again, and I left.

While walking down from 46 to 42 Street, I passed a number of X-rated films. In one of the display cases, a number of male and female bodies were intertwined like a huge ectoplasmic octopus in the throes of ecstasy. Would that be me, buried somewhere in the midst of flailing arms and legs, or being penetrated simultaneously in every orifice of my body? I started to imagine seeing pale little men with thimble-sized polaroid cameras swimming in and out my legs like silverfish. This whole thing was definitely starting to turn me on.

I had a very weird dream that night that a middle-aged photographer friend had grown a long tongue like an adder's, which he uncoiled ever so slowly and ran down my glistening body. I had never even *thought* of this man in sexual terms before. I awoke in a pool of sweat.

That afternoon, I went to Peter Hurd's studio and selected some slides that had been taken of me with Sharon Mitchell on a cardboard construct tennis court. It was the first time that I'd seen them—tennis visor, "Great American Tits," Adidas and tube socks. It was me, all right, lying spread-eagled on the court, with that beautiful X-rated tongue of Sharon's between my legs. I also took along some slides from the December CHERI shoot—Great American Tits again, only this time on a pony-tailed All American Girl.

I showed up at Damiano's promptly at five. This time, I was greeted by David Beame, his production assistant. Very small, very polite, and very British. He ushered me into his office. There were more of those strange-looking puppets on the walls. One of them looked like a Pinocchio who had not heeded Jiminy Cricket's warnings, and self-abused himself into slobbering idiocy. Another was a slick, red-headed creature that had lost the lower half of its body from some leprous venereal condition. Maybe they weren't puppets at all, but embalmed former porn stars who had died in the saddle—or, even worse, perhaps they had left their bodies in escrow to pay off obscenity convictions.

David explained that the puppets had been used in a recently-completed X-rated puppet feature, called, *Let My Puppets Come*. I was introduced to the two puppets, Pornocchio, (naturally), and the double amputee, Red Vaselino.

My slides were then put into a tray, Gerry was called in, and we all looked at me projected on to the front wall.

"Nice body," said Damiano.

Bill came in and handed me a script. "I want you to read it and tell me what you think," he said. "You're going to be Charlie." I glanced down at the quick character description of Charlie. "Pert, intelligent, could be a stockbroker. Natural leader."

I'm a Pisces, and that is definitely *not* my temperament. I'm a water sign and I have a mind like the sea, full of flotsam and jetsam, with strange creatures swimming in and out, while the chick in the script was a heavy Taurus personality. I was willing to try, though. The movie was a spoof of the international Olympics, with four women competing in various events such as the orals, the anals and the freestyle (internals) with a number of men. I read my first line, "It's the only idea any of us has had all night. Why is so dumb, anyway?" I read it with feeling. Damiano said, "I love you." Everyone else breathed a sigh of relief.

Bill took me aside and said, "Do the sex scenes the way you've seen them done in films. I don't care whether you're really turned on or not, so long as you *look* like you are." I reddened slightly. "I've never *seen* an X-rated film," I confessed. He did a doubletake but recovered rapidly. "Well, we've got a few old ones here," he said.

Within five minutes, I was looking at the credits of a film entitled, *Memories within Miss Aggie*, starring Kim Pope and Harry Reems, among others. Some nice sex, particularly Kim as a young girl being led tremblingly through her first sex experience. I watched how she parted her lips, and looked up at her lover with liquid eyes in the pauses between giving him head, and said to the group, "I think I've got the hang of it now." I tossed my hair on top of my head, licked my lips, and started writhing around on the hassock I was sitting on. "Ooo," I moaned. "Aaargh. Yes. Oh, yes, *yes*!" "Is *that* what you do when you fuck?" Asked Bill. "Not bad." "Sometimes," I said. "Sometimes I just say, 'an inch higher and lighter on the touch.'"

"Stick with the moans," he advised.

I then sat through an excruciatingly orange, *Let My Puppets Come*, which needed some heavy blue color correction. Two clams on the Clam-O-Rama.

After the film, I screwed up my courage to ask Bill some questions that had been on my mind all night. "Who are the male leads?" I was still being cool. I felt like an Orthodox

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DADE AND THE DOLPHINS

(Continued from page 57)

making their own kind of profit off the tourist industry. At fines of $500 to $1,000, the Fort Lauderdale and Miami police departments must be making a fine sum off these 'moving violations,' so why should they liberalize the laws? Of course, that's only my opinion. But why should a girl who fulfills so obvious a need in a completely pleasure-oriented tourist industry be so persecuted? As her customer becomes more and more determined to satisfy his sexual desires in his later years—and I don't need to tell you I'm speaking from direct experience—he will seek her out no matter how stupid the laws that surround her activities. She'll simply cost more and more.

"And forget all that crap you've heard about the black pimp and his string of girls on dope," Darlene goes on. "A working girl will have a boyfriend—even a husband—and he may or may not be involved with her business. But she's with him only because she *wants* to be with him—and because he offers some sort of emotional stability, if she's arrested and needs bailing out. How can the state come in and tell him not to be involved in her business? That's her own private relationship—and they make even *that* illegal! If her job were decriminalized, she wouldn't need that kind of protection, she wouldn't need COYOTE to advise her of her rights—and we would have accomplished our goals, completely."

BOB & DEL'S SWAPSHOP

(Continued from page 21)

Managers Bobi and Del are open to all inquiries at either 305-484-5220 (between noon and 7pm) or at 305-983-9752 (between 7.30pm and 2am). Playhouse 1 also has a location in Orlando at 8421 South Orange Blossom Tr.

Now Miami is not exactly what you would call a hotbed of vice and sin. But, strangely enough, I started not only my American career as a stripper there—but also my career as a swinger! Perhaps career is too strong a word, for I really haven't had that much experience with extra-marital group sex. But when I was working with Rosita, a lovely, petite blonde, at the Moulin Rouge, she and her husband Pedro became very intimate friends of my husband Eduardo, and me. We would lie around their swimming pool, sunning and admiring each others' bodies, until one hazy summer afternoon I watched Rosita and Eduardo stroke each other into ecstasy in a beach chair close to me. I had thought I'd be jealous, but no—instead it turned me on so much that the four of us raced upstairs to their bedroom and Pedro made such passionate love to me that I felt like a wild animal unleashed.

Later when I went home with my husband

(Continued on page 76)

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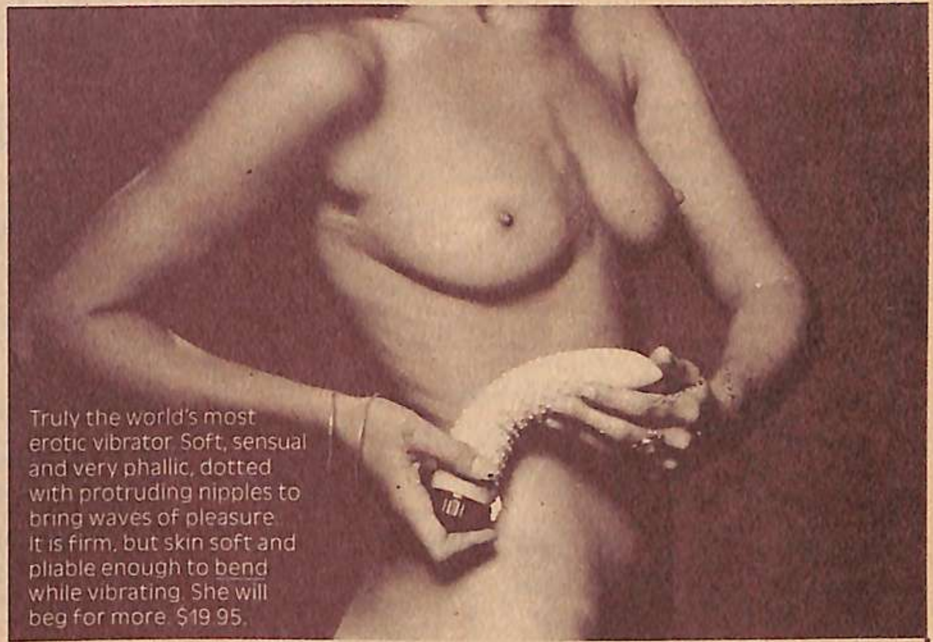

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BOB & DEL'S SWAPSHOP

we felt closer than we had in years, and made love with an enthusiasm I never suspected we could feel for each other again. I never became completely converted to the idea of exchanging pleasure with other married couples—it's a delicate situation, and one that must be handled with extreme sensitivity, or the emotions explode. But it did convert me to the idea of sexual honesty. I now felt that if a married couple could reveal their desires and fantasies to each other, and act them out, it would be much less destructive than repressing that sort of feeling, or simply cheating. My husband and I made a rule—we would experience our sexual adventures together, or not at all. We would not criticize each other for whatever happened, and we would share.

But that was thirteen years ago. In those days there wasn't even a name for it—much less lots of rules and regulations. As a matter of fact, when a friend from Argentina asked me if I was a swinger, I said, sure! I thought she meant someone who liked to dance a lot.

So you can imagine that I was intrigued with the idea of the Playhouse 1 Club, with over a thousand actively swinging member couples in the Miami-Fort Lauderdale area. The mind reels at the possibilities!

The place itself is quite cozy, with a full bar, restaurant, backgammon tables and a mirrored dance floor. The lighting is dim, approaching murky, which makes it very easy to have lots of dark, intimate corners; sports fans, though, will be delighted with the game room, featuring a pool table and several pinball machines, which are often used as beds, which sets off ringing bells and lights flashing "Tilt!"

You can have a lot of fun at Playhouse 1, but you must remember that Dade County does not allow swinging on the premises. Dade County, as will be discussed later, has some of the most uptight laws in the New World, but the natives are very ingenious in getting around them. Thus Playhouse 1 is officially a 'meet & greet' social arrangement, where private parties can be arranged with improper strangers. What with the low lights and soft thwock! of the cue ball into a side pocket, members are sometimes moved to expose their well-tanned flesh to each other or what they call in the swap game 'opening up.'

"But never call it wife-swapping!" insists Bobi, the blonde cheesecake cutie who runs the club with her husband, Del. "I hate that! I mean, aren't I swapping my husband, too?

"Swinging is a total lifestyle for us—it's our thing! We've been at it for six years and it's made our marriage so much better. There was a time when we were cheating and actually lying to each other about it. Then we decided to take the straightforward approach, sharing the experience, so we wouldn't get in trouble that much.

"Sometimes we think running the club is the craziest thing we've ever done. We're not rich—but we're real happy. Membership is only $20 a year, with a small fee for each meeting. Of course, as this is a heavy tourist area, we get hundreds of newcomers on reciprocals from clubs throughout America. That's when I'm glad we're running things—because *we're* the ones who get to open the door."

Bobi is a very pretty girl who gave up a perfectly good career as an oral surgical nurse to devote her energies to Playhouse 1. She is very proud of this—but, like so many sexual people I met in Miami, she tried to gloss over her true intentions. She tried to give the situation a lot of class, when class was not really needed . . .

As an example, I noticed a number of great-looking single girls obviously trying to strike up conversations with couples. Of course a single girl will dare to come to a swing club for only two reasons—if she is a nymphomaniac or a prostitute. A nympho can get all the sex she wants elsewhere, but a prostitute—well, she can make some very good connections here. She can be taken home as part of a threesome, because most of the women are bisexual and almost none of the men. But when I asked Bobi if these girls were for hire, she said no. "Oh, if she takes someone into the bathroom for a quick b-j, I look the other way . . . " I don't need to tell you that the bathroom is a very popular spot.

Like other swingers' organizations I've visited in California, Playhouse 1 has many rules about coming together. "We do have about two hundred single members," Bobi specifies, "but they're only allowed in three nights a week. This is first and foremost for married couples. If you've got a good marriage, as we do, this will only make it better. But if it's bad—if you're seriously cheating on each other and lying—this will be the breaking point. If the relationship's bad, I say don't do it."

Single females are always admitted free, but single males must pay a $10 membership charge, plus $1 admission, to keep the joint from being overrun. Singles are allowed only on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday nights—the rest of the time it's a couples club. The booze situation is covered by members stocking the bar with their own labeled bottles; set-ups are a mere 75¢. A nightly membership, should you find yourself in the Miami area, runs only $3 a couple, and you can hang out and party from 8 until dawn,

My own pleasure included interviewing several members on their participation in this charmingly tacky arrangement of willing flesh. "It's very important in my social life," one guy told me, his eyes blazing liberated sincerity, "because if we didn't have this, we'd have to meet each other through referrals. And this teaches you a tolerance of other people's sexual habits—you see a lot of women's bisexuality here, something I always felt would shock me, but it doesn't. We just let people know what satisfies us and if they're attuned to us, we work it out. Which is much better than that old stuff of thinking about it, talking about it, but nobody making a move to actually arrange things right."

Very little is left to the imagination at Playhouse 1, and you will feel right at home right away; the people are friendly. Bob works hard at being the perfect hostess—not an easy chore, when you think of the emotional misunderstandings that could occur between even the most liberated guests. I was very curious as to how she manipulated the scene

"Well—in the three years we've been open, I've found that my guests, like water, seek their own level. When they call up at first I interview each one a bit . . . all they have to do is say that magic word 'swinger,' and I know where it's at. We want liberated, open-minded, sexually inclined couples. Grandma and Grandpa around the corner, come over for a cold beer, I'm gonna turn away . . .

"But if I'm sure what you'll like . . . and you're over the Florida legal age of 18 . . . we sure won't reject you. If you're rude, crude and obnoxious, you'll reject yourself. If you come in the door and say Hi! to a couple going by, chances are good they'll say Hi! back and start up a conversation. If you swagger in and grab a girl by the boobs and say, Hey, baby, you wanna fuck? You've very liable to get a good slap in the face. You won't score, and you'll be shunned but good. Which isn't to say things can't get wild after a bit of conversation."

I will say we had a very happy night at Playhouse 1. I'm not completely comfortable with the serious philosophy of swinging—no matter what Bobi says, the jealousy is still a bit too much for me—but you could say I'm getting there. If you believe that the family that plays together stays together you'll make some great friends in the Miami swing scene. I promise you that!

A TOY STORE-SALOON

(Continued from page 19)

it wasn't at all oriented towards the tourist. Where the rest of Miami caters shamelessly to the tourist dollar, this is a bar for the real Miamian to get down in, and to hell with what anyone else thinks. Myself, I had a fantastic time. They also sell the most incredible toys, specifically dildos, I've ever seen. One was so huge I thought it was strictly for the imagination, but the boys insisted they knew both men and women who could take it.

Gay society is always the first with anything new and exciting—something Miami could stand more of, I tell you. If they had more bars and clubs with the kind of warm, stimulating intimacy I encountered at the Pleasure Chest, queridos, I would never have flown north until Spring.

THE GAYETY GRINDHOUSE

(Continued from page 19)

housekeeping in their seats—sit snoozing and squirming through the shows. In between the live acts are X-rated films and luke-warm comedy skits that won't have you on the floor unless it's crawling to get out. Shows take place Monday-Saturday from 3 p.m. to 1 a.m. Admission is $6.

Wow! So this is what happened to the raunchy old strip scene I used to know and love. The Gayety is a modern, clean, high-class theatre with very comfortable seats and the most exuberant strip acts I've ever seen. Perhaps it's because the girls really are treated as stars, with individual dressing rooms—instead of, as usual, being herded together like cows. I was very flattered that so many of them remembered me, and were delighted to be interviewed by one of their own.

Where so many burlesque babes find themselves with tired blood and fallen arches after a year or two on the runways, Lulu, Betty, Chollie and DeeDee Bang Bang are something else. The latest model stripper respects herself and her work, isn't the least bit embarrassed by any of it and gives her all to get her audience off. I've seen so many clubs, in New York and Baltimore, where the girls figure their customers don't give a damn what they do—just so they see naked bodies. So the girls don't dress nicely or improve their acts. But a Gayety girl has such gorgeous costumes, all sequins and feathers, that she looks like something out of the Follies Bergere. And she really can dance.

And talk. Each is very open about her own approach to flashing flesh. "Myself," says Chollie, "I really love groups. The old guys that come in from the conventions, or the young bachelor parties that really want lots of energy, vivaciousness, spreading. I like to get into real gymnastics on my last two numbers. It really gets me hot when they respond, screaming and yelling . . . I mean, applause, isn't that what we're all working for? When I really get into it I work out my fantasies. I remember something fantastic that happened with a lover, so I play to a good-looking guy in the audience . . . now many of our customers are older, somewhat conservative, so I don't expect them to jump out of their seats. But it's funny—they're *all* very sensitive. If I'm in a bad mood when I go on, maybe pouting about a fever blister or whatever, they'll pick up the attitude right away, and they'll think, I hope they get this broad off soon, she's depressing the hell out of me. But if I'm vivacious, smiling and kootchie-cooing to them, they'll pick right up on that and work with me. And I love being acrobatic anyway—I used to be a cheerleader back home in Indiana."

Chollie's act is wild, one of the dirtiest I've ever seen. But offstage she's very ladylike and demure. When I asked if the girls were harassed with the nudity laws, they said no—as long as they didn't touch themselves during the act, except maybe to fluff their hair "real fast."

The Gayety features very specialized acts. Chollie loves getting down into a gynecology show, as you can see, while DeeDee Bang Bang scotch-tapes candles to her nipples and squeezes Jergens Lotion over her pulsing thighs. Lulu rocks with the best of them, screaming "Calor!" (Spanish for "Hot!") and pointing to her puss. They all participate in the comedy skits, although, as Lulu says, "20 minutes, sometimes, is too long—they get bored unless it's short and fast."

Betty Ware is very proud of the fact that she's been on the road for over 20 years. "Gee, I can remember when we walked onstage in a full gown—and we weren't allowed to take it off! And now hard-core porn is in, in some cities—you wonder where our business will go. But where some places want actual sex acts in the theatres, many smaller cities don't want things that rough. I know—I've played every one of them, coast to coast.

"I'm billed as an exotic dancer. That means I've gone to school to learn my routines, my wardrobe is custom-made and I'm very conscientious about my act. The manager here pays me well, because he knows what I could be earning on the road."

Although the girls tell me their audiences are generally conservative—"They never do the disgusting things to themselves they do in New York"—they work their asses off to get a rise out of them, anyhow. The Gayety is such a classy joint it's a regular stop for even convention couples. Perhaps, as there are so many hard-core acts in other places (although certainly not in Dade County!), burlesque has become the family entertainment—in terms of sheer showmanship and dedication, these girls surely deserve standing ovations after every act. They remind me of the way I felt about myself in the good old days, when a successful stripper really was a star.

Of course the Gayety is a theatre, not a night club—that means the girls don't mix. Many of them feel very strongly about this, even in this new age of so-called sexual liberation. "I'd never go out with a person from the audience, no," says Chollie. "He has an opinion of me even before he buys the ticket—and I'm not one to jump into bed. It's hard to break through that."

But every girl loved the security of steady work in one place. "When you're on the road all the time, you have no life. If you have a male companion, they call him a pimp. A female—and you're both lesbians. So animals, pets become your best friends, and even then they say you're sleeping with *them*."

But not one girl has the vaguest intention of giving up stripping. "Listen to them applaud!" one said backstage, as Lulu juiced through her bumps and grinds in high style. "They'll always want girls like us. There'll always be a high salary and lots of work for a good girl."

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SUE FEELE

(Continued from page 70)

Jewish bride who's never seen the groom. Bill rattled off some names I'd never heard of before. "They're all professionals," he said. What that means is: these guys can keep hard-ons for hours under hot kleig lights, with innumerable breaks, and people shouting directions like, "Zoom in closer on his balls."

The question next dear to my heart. "How much are you paying me?" A hundred fifty dollars a day, a day being twelve hours on the set. I quickly calculated, $450 for the weekend, enough to quiet my creditors and buy Richard a huge alfalfa and lentil sprout salad at his favorite health food restaurant. Terrific! Lastly, the delicate question of contraception. I was told to wear my diaphragm, but to use jelly instead of cream. I was also told not to worry, because all the cumshots would be done outside, so the audience could see them. (That's primarily what they come for).

Bill said to have the script memorized by Thursday, and to stop at the office one last time on Thursday night. As I headed back to the subway at Times Square, I thought of Richard's standard greeting to me in his California pimp voice, "What's a fine stone fox like you doin' workin' a jive job for chump change when you could be makin' plenty plenty bucks?" Richard, I breathed into the rank night air, "You're gonna be proud of me now."

I spent the next hour at home in front of the mirror trying to mesh my emotional, visual and vocal harmonies. "It's the only idea any of us has come up with all night. Why is it so dumb anyway?" I figured that if I got the first line down pat, the others would come easily.

I drifted off to sleep dreaming of rosy convoluted rubber members, bending like deboned sardines. I had to change the bedding in the morning. For the next two days, I was turned on all the time. Peter, my editor, caught me stroking my boot up and down in a familiar, rhythmical way, and strange men in the street kept offering to buy me drinks every time I stepped outside. Richard, in the meantime, was delightedly reaping the benefits of Bill's last piece of advice to me, "keep the mechanism in tone for the shooting."

By Thursday afternoon, I knew all my lines, and had imagined the sex down to the last detail (and practiced it, too)! I planned a quiet night of reading my lines, shaving my bush, and powdering my diaphragm in preparation for Friday's shooting. At four o'clock the phone rang. It was Bill from Strawberry Hill. "Hello, Suzanne, I'm sorry, but we can't use you. We decided to make the sex a lot tougher and you'd have to do a double penetration."

"Yeah," I said. "So what?"

"It's your first time in front of a camera and I think you'll freeze. So does Damiano." "Are you kidding?" I said. My eyes started to well up. "It's just the *usual* double penetration?" "Sorry," he said, and hung up. The tears were now coursing wildly down my cheeks. I flipped on the office intercom, and yelled into it between sobs,

"Anybody know what the fuck a double penetration is?"

THE BEEHIVE

(Continued from page 23)

are foolproof. Nothing can go wrong with them as long as they exist only in the mind.

Of course, some couples might enjoy kinky sex and get along just fine. But, too often, I fear, one is going along with it just to please the other. Perhaps neither one really likes it, but both do it thinking the other likes it.

If something is too much against your nature, be honest with yourself and with your mate. It is very hard to force yourself into something that can become a terrible nightmare. When you find yourself getting in too deeply, stop it immediately and tell your mate you really have had all of it you can stand.

Most people like to appear modern and try to impress their mate. I fear wife-swapping, orgies and all this swinging is the cause of the huge divorce rate. People are tying to impress each other and end up not being able to keep up the swinging act anymore. Rather than swallow their pride and admit they are really not swingers, they get a divorce.

I know one such modern couple whose family dog fucked the wife as the husband watched. There were no puppies. They ended up in divorce. A dancer I know told me her husband brings home men to fuck her as he watches. She is going to leave him for another man who is very old-fashioned and only wants her for himself.

I don't condemn kinky sex. I only say some people are not suited to it by nature. It can become a severe emotional trauma for them. I think too many people are pretending to like it when they really don't.

Sometimes, if a couple is married, and the wife becomes terrified of her husband, afraid to even go to sleep for fear she will wake up tied to the bed while strange men ravage her sexually with her husband's approval, it is better to get a trial separation rather than a divorce.

If I had been married to Peter when I went through all that, I would have been afraid to live with him. He wouldn't believe me when I told him I didn't want any more kinky sex. Peter always does everything in a big way. He puts a lot of enthusiasm into it. He was simply too much for me. After I refused to see him for a long time, he knew I really meant it.

I have often dreamed of the number 50 since then. It means forgiveness. It is easy to say you forgive, but the anger doesn't go away so easily.

I was furious at Peter for a long time. I couldn't understand the anger inside me. I forgave him, but why was I still angry at him? My anger bordered on hysteria. I was angry and afraid of myself. I could not admit I brought up the entire idea of kinky sex with him, myself. I thought I might like it with him. I found out I didn't. It was so easy to get angry and blame him when I was the one to blame.

He sweetly tried to please me. He wanted to appear modern in my eyes. He wanted to impress me, and then I turned on him, condemned him and completely made him lose all self-confidence in himself as a lover.

He told me he keeps dreaming he is tossing his head about on several pillows. It means a happy marriage to come. I had the same dream symbol. I also dream of the number five a lot. It is a marriage symbol, too, as is cushions on a sofa. Almost daily, I dream I am in a hotel room and have sexual desire. Both these symbols mean I will soon have what I want. Someday, the world will know. I am going to marry him soon, even though it seems impossible at times. I know what I know.

Thank you for your wonderful letters. I am in the process of getting new pictures done to send to you. Send me your dreams for free dream analysis. Please state if it is OK to publish your dreams.

KIM POPE

(Continued from page 26)

we all wish you luck.

Dear Kim:

Hi! You know, some people just don't ever get what they want in life. These people just ease on by in life unnoticed, like a flower wasting its sweet scent and beauty in the desert. On the other hand, some people will wander aimlessly, until by a stroke of fate or luck, they wander across something that would bring about a change in their lives. That's just what happened to me tonight when I came across a copy of this fantastic magazine, *CHERI*. I have always harbored a secret desire to appear in a magazine like *CHERI*. (I've gone through those other magazines and they ain't shit) or be in a porn flick; not only because of the uninhibited nature of the actors and actresses (that includes you, sweet sexy little thing) but because of the desire to be seen, stripped of all the covers of social norms, in the state in which I came into this world. The idea of going through all those acts of fucking, with everybody watching, gives me a hardon that would penetrate through the great wall of Berlin. Believe it or not, Kim, one moment ago I had a whole stack of sex mags, and the next I had only one—*CHERI*. There is so much to say about you guys but suffice it to say that you are on the verge of being the Muhammad Ali of sex mags. I hope to hear from you soon, but till then, you and the whole *CHERI* family carry on the good work. You are just fucking great. See you in cum-land one day, Viva la *CHERI*!

Love
D.S.

It seems that we are running out of space. Before I go, I want to squeeze in special thanks to Mike from Memphis who sent the lovely roses, and the drag queen who wrote to say that he dresses up as Kim Pope when he is cruising. Well, a compliment is a compliment, even if the form is unusual.

And thanks to all of you who have written to me and the others here at Cheri. We love your comments and help. We want to be real for you and we need your support. Till next month, be well.

Love,
Kim

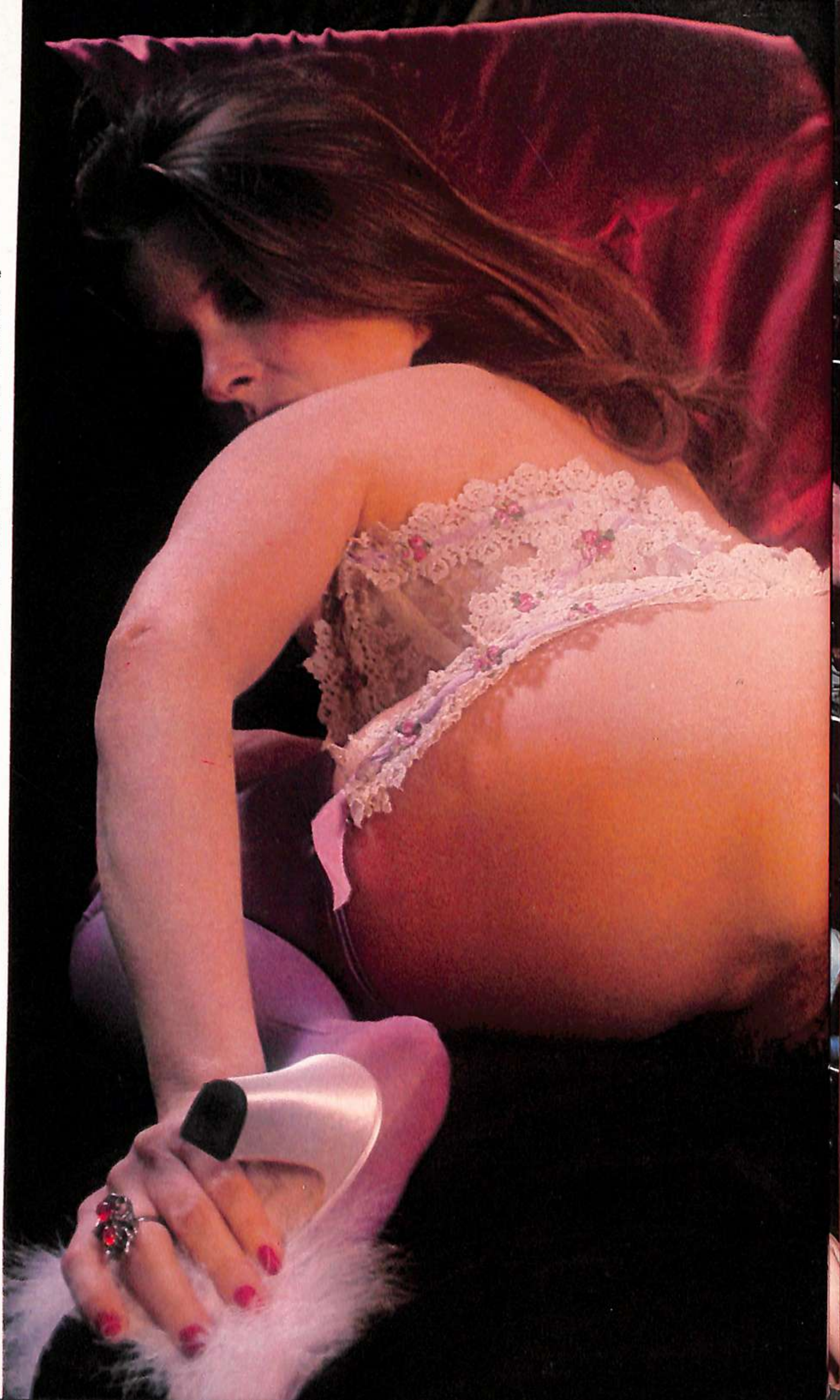
THE HUMILIATION OF MIMI

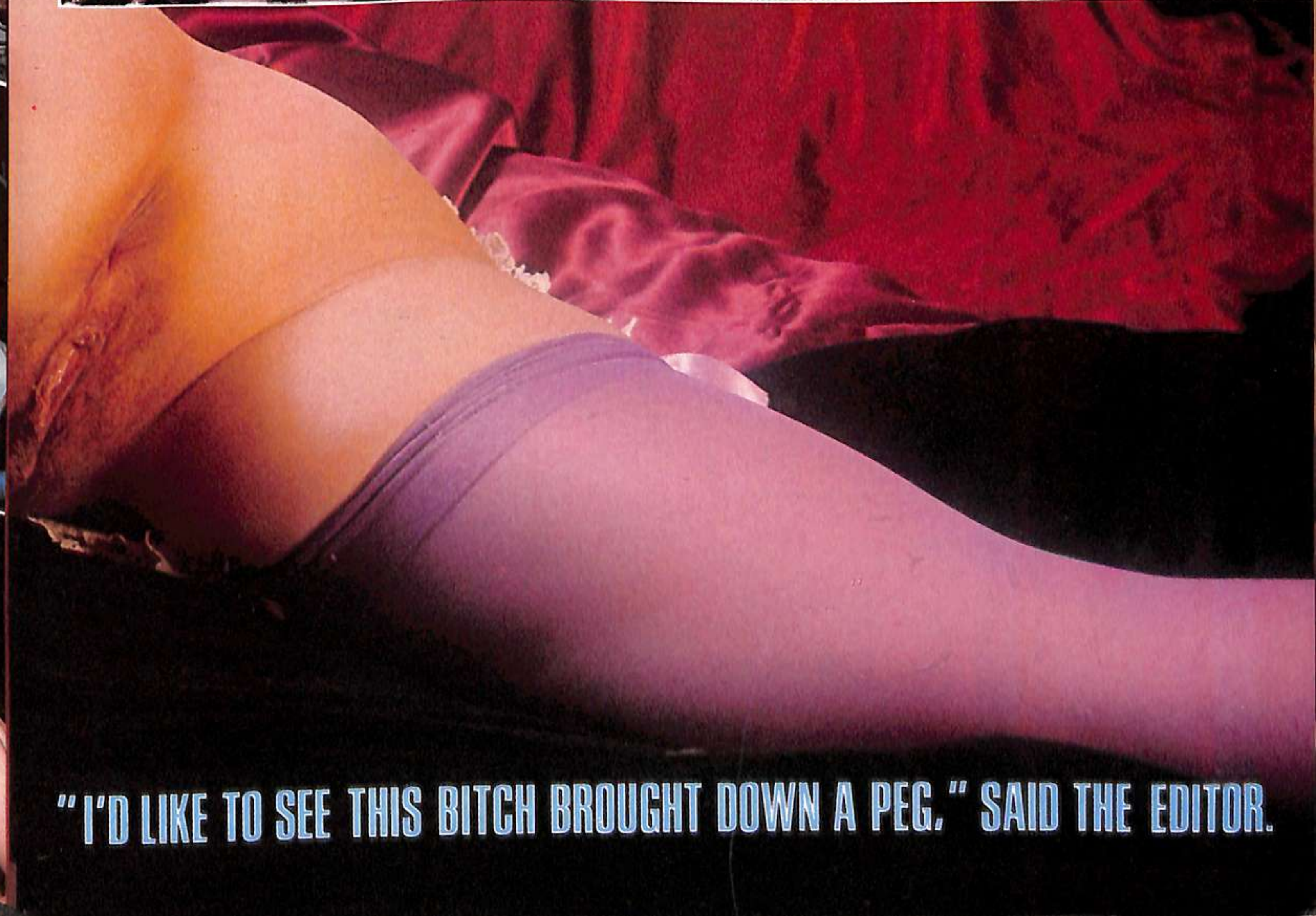
By MICHELLE CRAVEN

IN WHICH A HAUGHTY YOUNG LADY GETS HER COMEUPPANCE THE TRADITIONAL WAY.

Photographs by Peter Hurd

Behold Mimi, onetime super-straight English teacher—would we lie? America's only honest sex-news rag?—and now, after three mind-altering hours in a downtown bar with our editor, another CHERI slut. This editor, handsome, urbane, cunning, it must be said right away, moves through females of the species like a shark through angelfish. He knows they usually could use . . . well . . . a little direction. Decorative, heartwarming and all that, but easy as hell to manipulate—once you find the right knobs. It also helps to have an accounting department that believes all your stories, no matter how expensive. She was an old pal, a little bored. Tenure, she admitted, is not the turnon it could be. "Turnons? You're looking for turnons?" His eyes narrowed. "I run . . . ah . . . this magazine. And we're looking for a few *real women*, like you, to pay a bushel of bucks for the attention they so sorely deserve . . ." She felt . . . he understood. Behind blue eyes, what compassion, even empathy, might lurk? (Almost *none* is how much—I mean, we can tell you, you're our





"I'D LIKE TO SEE THIS BITCH BROUGHT DOWN A PEG," SAID THE EDITOR.

WE DEDICATE THIS PIE TO GLORIA STEINEM.

POW! RIGHT IN THE KISSER! MIMI'S MISERY IS A SLAP IN THE FACE OF PROGRESS.

POUR IT ON, BROTHER!

THERE'S NO PENALTY FOR OVERKILL ON THIS BALLFIELD. YOU'LL LET HER KNOW WHEN SHE'S HAD ENOUGH...

friend). Anyway, fantasy began to segue into fact. Two more tingly daiquiris and there she was, surprisingly spread-eagled in some tacky studio on Lexington Avenue. Another important fact to this narrative is that the beast always keeps a camera cocked, somewhere, for spontaneous nights like these. "Wider . . . looser . . . deeper . . . weirder," he insisted. When she started to blush, writhing and awkward, his assistant (he always keeps an assistant cocked somewhere, for moments such as these) let loose le coup de grace—a cream pie in the face, spa-latt!!

She was gasping. She was insulted. She was helpless. And in a few moments, she was also covered with borscht. (Food fetishes run hot in this office). Was she starring, she wondered, in a remake of *Carrie*? Could she kick him in the balls from here? Why, oh why, did she ever leave her classroom at P.S. 41? Tears coursed down her cheeks, mingling with the borscht, the cream, and the baby prunes, making pink mud. She'd never felt so degraded in her life.

"Fun, hunh?" murmured the editor, exultant. "Don't let it get ya too hot, though—the cream'll go rancid, ya know."

FREAKY FREDDIE'S FLESH FARM

(Continued from page 20)

Miami freeway you're probably passing the Spartan Health Club, Miami's oldest and most luxurious nudist health spa. Its proprietor, known in the neighborhood as Freaky Freddie, offers everything from sunbathing, to tennis to group massage-ins. Children and families are always encouraged, although singles are accepted. Private rooms are available on a daily rental basis.

If every man, woman and child in the greater Miami area is not liberated to within an inch of its life, it sure isn't the fault of Freaky Freddie. Here is a curious person, full of fun, shaped like a shmoo, who hasn't worn clothes for the last 25 years—precisely the time his fun-in-the-sun camp has been open.

You could say Freddie was devoted to the cause. Even in a drizzling rain. As we drove up the driveway to the Spartan under gloomy skies, there he was, peering out of the bushes in a flapping raincoat—your original fun-time flasher.

He was off and running before we could even plug in the tape recorder. "The outdoors—it's wonderful!" he enthused, as the rain dripped off the window sill. "You get all your Vitamin C from the sun, your pores breathe right . . . nudism is the only *natural* way to think about your body. Now in Europe, they even take air baths—Luftbaden—when they can't get a sunbath. The basic philosophy of a healthy body leading to a healthy mind. Would you like me to give you a massage?"

The Spartan Health Club is a fully licensed nudist camp where two hundred assorted couples, families and single members cavort about au naturel. Sunbathing, volleyball and swimming are the big sports and I must say, it's a great place to lose your inhibitions. As one longtime guest couple told me, "We spend five days a week working in town, the whole straight routine—then we come here for the weekend and it's a totally different atmosphere. Off come the shirt and tie, the uniform, and it's instant relaxation. I don't think we could survive without it."

I was curious. While I myself am totally comfortable with nudity, I have so many friends who are not—not matter how much they'd like to be. One finally got up the nerve to go to a camp like this on Martha's Vineyard—and to his embarrassment, up was what he was after the first ten minutes. "Oh, that's no problem here," insisted Freddie. "We get tourists from all over, Toronto, Hawaii, very openminded. It's the natural way, so why be nervous? This life. . . ." (Freddie you will notice will wax philosophical at the drop of a Coppertone bottle) "makes everyone too damn nervous. They start hiding behind things. But the nudist doesn't have any surprises—everything's right out front. You're not buying a pig in a poke. You can even pick the size that suits you, if you get my drift. . ."

The big social event of last year was a wedding with about fifty guests, down under the bamboo tree. All the bride wore was a ribbon in her hair—the groom, a ribbon around the size that suited *her* best. One of the other guests was a notary public with authority to marry them.

Once the sun came out Freddie gave us the grand tour, namely the pool, volleyball courts and recreation areas around the main clubhouse. I asked him if much swinging went on at night. "It goes on everywhere, in any club—how ya gonna stop it?" he said. "And if you like screwin', I'll rent you a room." Then we noticed a string of motel-like rooms behind the pool bathhouse. . . . aha!

Freddie knows his clientele very well. "The average man on the street . . . he's a voyeur. It's generally harder for a single girl to make up her mind about being a nudist. That's why we let in, for the most part, only single girls—if we let in all the guys who wanted to, we'd have a stag scene very shortly, and all the families would leave. Not everyone would behave like ladies and gentlemen—which is our only rule here."

We played a little volleyball as Freddie went on to explain his attitude towards the body situation. Freddie in flagrante—as you might have noticed—will not give Robert Redford, or even Woody Allen, pause. But he is not the least bit self-conscious. "Body shape has nothing to do with being a nudist . . . nothing!

Afterwards Freddy started giving me a real pain in the fanny—a body rub so stiff my nerve ends were jumping all over the table. When he slowed down it turned out to be the massage of my life—a man could go far with hands like that. But all Freddie wants to do is spread the word. "Look at all the trouble they're having with nude beaches. If you take your clothes off there, you're possibly exposing yourself to a person who does *not* want to see you, and they can arrest you for indecent exposure. And you can't really fence in public property to keep people separate from each other. To get naked, you've got to have a private place, legal, fully licensed, with the right operating philosophy. The whole answer is a nudist camp like mine."

DIVINE DECADENCE

(Continued from page 25)

Maureen: Right, the one who loves to be pissed on by black men. Can you dig what a heavy trip that is? I really would like to hear from others into the same scene. I've got all that Betty's told me down on paper but so much more still exists.

Interviewer: Well, thank you for taking the time to talk to me today Maureen. We hope to see more of your work in the near future.

Now friends, didn't that seem like a real interview? I'm ready and waitin—all you have to do is call. I'm cheap . . . not that way, you smart ass, as far as fees go. And let's not hear any more of those "how much for a blowjob" questions either; cause even if I charged I wouldn't see a nickel's worth, anyway.

Well, it's time to go. Hope you enjoyed *Maureen In Depth.* Next month there'll be some more juicy tit-bits for you to suck on. Here's this month's tip: when in L.A. try Roy's House of Love. Call first: (213) 962-0450 . . . definitely a hot-spot for swinging tourists. Till next month . . . .

MISS VICKIE

(Continued from page 56)

once, he felt a stinging crack across his ass as she ordered him to move more adroitly. "I may choose to ride my miserable slave as my personal pony, and when I do, you will never move as poorly as you do now—Stop! Stand up, turn around—slowly. Your attire is beautiful and what's more it fits you nicely. Did you wear it on your flight as I instructed?" An affirmative nod of the slave's head was stopped by a slap across his face. "Speak up, where's your tongue? Well?" "Yes, Miss Vickie."

At this time, Miss Vickie noticed a bulge in his panties. "You have been playing with your cock, haven't you?" She spoke, slapping him again, demanding his answer. "Haven't you, slave?" "Yes, Miss Vickie."

"Not only will I teach you when to talk to your mistress, but I will also make a lasting impression in your mind. I will receive the very best from my slave. While I don't want my slave to be loquacious, I also do not want a taciturn subject. You will soon learn the difference between the two."

A glance around the room confirmed that the slave carried out his Mistress's orders. A chilled bottle of Asti Spumanti wine and wine glasses were on the table, and the slave had on hand some film that Miss Vickie had ordered.

"You may open my case and neatly display all the goodies on the long table in the corner," she ordered. His eyes gave away the erotic feeling he was attempting to hide as his trembling hands neatly placed her sophisticated equipment on the table. Several changes of sexy lingerie were also included in her case. Miss Vickie enjoyed having her slave help her dress. She got turned on as she observed the expression in his eyes.

"You may open the wine, and pour two glasses." Nervously, he proceeded to twist the wire off the neck of the bottle when a sudden bang startled both of them. "You idiot, don't you know how to open a bottle of wine? Clean up your mess immediately." Having poured the wine, Miss Vickie toasted her slave. "To my slave who will be most amusing and entertaining to his Mistress today." With the clink of glasses, he nervously gulped his entire glass of wine.

"You may gently and carefully remove my jumpsuit now, slave. On your knees while doing so," she ordered. Slowly, he began to unzip the beautiful tight-clinging suit she was wearing, revealing a goddess of beauty, inspiring a sight and feeling that every man should experience one time in his life. He was enchanted by the dominating statuesqueness of his Mistress as her black and red bra exposed her beautiful breasts. Her matching garter belt secured the black sheer nylons that encased her lovely long legs. The vision ended with a beautiful pair of spike heels in leather. Truly a sight to behold.

His body tingled when Miss Vickie touched him with her leather gloves as she applied the penis and ball restraints. She added a two-pound weight to the testicles. The slave bent over, his wrists and ankles secured together in the perfect posture for her to warm up his ass. The slave, from his bondage, counted ten cracks from a wooden paddle. The chain and ball swung to and fro as Miss Vickie delighted in the grimace on her slave's face. "What's the matter, Slave? You didn't think you would be comfortable, did you?" A haughty laugh and a smile appeared on her face. "Remember when I spoke of you as my pony? Well, I'm ready. Take a good look at what I have in my hand. You know very well that if you do not please me I will not hesitate to use my riding crop on you." Her laugh was the assurance that if her human pony did not successfully ride his Mistress, punishment was waiting for his already reddened ass.

A bridle gag with a large dildo was secured over the slave's face, keeping to a minimum any noise that might occur when the crop was applied to his ass. The poor slave could only admire her dominating beauty and expertise as she moved around expertly, securing different devices on him. She showed her amusement by the look in her eyes as he was bound helplessly at her feet. She brought in a photographer who further humiliated him by taking candid photographs.

She made him ride her around the suite at least a dozen times while she sat on his backside. When she tired of this entertainment she released the gag and blindfolded her slave. He felt helpless and somewhat frightened. Suddenly, an erotic feeling came over him after he was secured to the frame of the bed, sitting on the floor. A dog collar and chain around his neck made him very willing to fulfill her demand to polish her heels with his tongue. He was teased, tormented, tantalized and punished for a long time. Never knowing what was coming next, he was completely at her mercy. Her slightest whim was his command and he had no choice but to follow through. He was her victim, like a fly in a spider's web.

After Miss Vickie tired of this, she relieved her slave from this position, removed the blindfold and had him serve wine. She told him to kiss her sensual, black-nylon covered feet and then remove one nylon. "Pay complete homage to my feet!" was her next command. He gave her a good workout with his mouth and tongue frothing on her feet. Because her slave had done such a fine job of foot worshipping, Miss Vickie rewarded him by allowing him to remove her attire and dress her in a black and white satin waist cincher with panties, also of satin, to match.

Periodically, Miss Vickie allowed him to fondle his cock, but she gave him strict orders that by no means could he relieve himself. However, he became so obviously aroused and anxious by staring at the beautiful bush between Miss Vickie's legs that she glared and demanded to know his exact thoughts. He fumbled for words as Miss Vickie began to place the heel of her shoe against his throbbing cock and he finally blurted out that many nights he had masturbated to fantasies of such a lovely view. She laughed demonically while telling her slave what was in store for him. She brought him quickly to his knees and applied heavy handcuffs as she bound his arms tightly. To further humiliate her slave, she posed alongside of him and had her photographer take her picture.

She teased him with her beautiful breasts to the point of total agony. He begged for his Mistress as she laughed and slapped his throbbing cock. "Yes slave, I am beautiful but you don't deserve my luscious breasts. You are nothing—less than nothing. Your Mistress will see to it that you are treated that way."

"Now I shall show you it feels like to have your nipples awakened." She pinched him to the point of agony. Realizing he was getting turned on, she chose various breast devices for her pleasure, each more sensitive than the last. Finally she was satisfied that they would leave a lasting impression on her poor miserable slave.

After sipping her wine, she chose a deep purple satin garter belt, bra and panties. As she dressed her totally helpless slave watched his beautiful goddess move around the suite.

She placed a neck harness, waist cincher and wrist cuffs on her slave. They were to become very uncomfortable after a short period of time. Having harnessed her slave by his neck to her beautiful ass, she reached behind and pulled him by his hair. She then made him kiss and adore her beautiful ass. When he had completely satisfied her in this way, she placed him in a chair and bound him tightly. She placed special tit clamps on his already dilated nipples. Afterwards, she sipped on her wine and watched her slave's painful pleasure. The clamps were effective, evidently. Miss Vickie watched her slave squirm in his chair. His cock was very stiff. Taking a dominating stance, she verbally abused him. He was reminded of his faults and of his lowliness as a being.

He was completely bound to the chair. It was totally impossible for the slave to escape. Leaving him in that position, Miss

(Continued on page 90)

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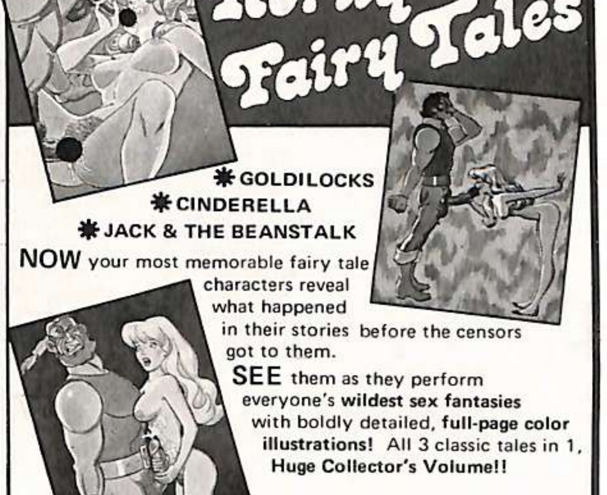

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MISS VICKIE

(Continued from page 89)

Vickie removed her panties and lay on the bed in front of him, gently teasing herself. As she did so, the slave began to grow erect with desire for his Mistress.

"Well, my dear slave, I'm going out for a while. Don't go anywhere," she laughed, knowing full well it was totally impossible for her slave to move. She then placed a lock and chain around his balls and chained them to his wrists. Also, a blindfold was used so that he would never know the hour his beautiful Mistress returned.

Miss Vickie then went to dinner with a girlfriend, Leanne, whom she had not seen in a long time. They were long-time friends. After a few drinks Leanne loosened up, and Miss Vickie could not wait to tell her the events of her exciting day. Leanne seemed interested in watching Miss Vickie put her slave through the paces. Miss Vickie was gloating in anticipation of putting her slave on exhibition in front of her girlfriend.

The sound of the key unlocking the door of the suite sent erotic thoughts through the slave's mind. Quietly, Miss Vickie changed into a black corset that had been made for her in England. Her casualness and indifference left a mysterious air in the room which the frightened slave could not help but feel. The poor creature was desperately trying to figure out what was happening by the sounds in total darkness.

Without warning, the silence was broken by the tit clamp being pulled off. A loud squeal came from the slave's mouth, only to be silenced once more by two stinging slaps in the face. "Shut your mouth, not one more word," Miss Vickie commanded. She ripped off his blindfold and pushed his head back. "Well, did you enjoy your rest? I think I shall spread-eagle you out on the bed very proudly. It's time to work on your miserable slave's body and mind, don't you agree?" Seconds later—a slap across the face with a demanding, "Asnwer me!" "Yes, Miss Vickie, yes yes Miss Vickie, anything you desire, I want to please you, that is my place."

The slave was released from the chair and allowed to stand for a few moments to relieve the body pain from his restrained position of several hours.

"Get your ass into the middle of that bed." She applied wrist cuffs and anklets to her slave and, as she began to stretch him tightly to the four corners of the bed, she laughed knowing what was in store for him. "Now that you cannot move, I'm going to have some fun and games with you. Any noises that I hear from that mouth of yours will only force me to stuff my panties into your mouth and then tape them over. I'll also have to put a blindfold over your eyes. You get the general idea, slave?" "Yes, yes, Miss Vickie. Please do not punish my eyes any more," he pleaded.

A penis-ball stretcher was placed neatly around his cock. As she sat on his face and ordered him to kiss her ass, she whipped his cock lightly. Four slaps with her peter whip from side to side seemed to make it grow larger yet. "Come on slave, use your tongue. You are nothing but a fucking slave. I think I will whip you nicely all over. Yes, your tits will suffer and your cock and balls will also suffer with my special cat-o-nine. It's painful, but leaves no marks." The whipping went on for several minutes to the point of total exhaustion.

Miss Vickie is very experienced and knows when her slave has had enough.

She took off her heels and began to walk on him, head to toe. "For being a good slave this session, I will reward you with my golden shower. I know you will love the warm salty taste. Open your mouth wider, wider still," she said, as she smashed her cat-o-nine across his balls. "Now I want you to swallow every drop." The delightful golden nectar poured directly into his mouth. "Swallow it, slave. That's excellent." As he gulped, she ordered: "Beg for more!" "Yes, Mistress, please, I want your golden shower." "Now you will drink it all, every drop of it." As he finished drinking the shower from between her legs, she sarcastically demanded an answer to her question. "Did you enjoy your wine, slave?"

A good and powerless feeling came over him as his Mistress applied her electric vibrator to his throbbing cock and oozed every last drop of cum from it. Although he felt exhausted, a wonderful feeling followed as he was finally released from his bondage.

"You may dress yourself, slave, and prepare us a glass of wine." Miss Vickie always has a 10 or 15 minute talk with her slave after a session has ended. She is as charming and proper a lady as she is a devil of a bitch when dominating a slave. A combination very rare to find the world over. It is no wonder why she is the Queen of B & D.

PICK OF THE PERSONALS

(Continued from page 24)

sunset. A personal note was stuck in the parcel—it consisted mostly of a handwritten price list for the other items this coquette sells: things like stockings ($6.00 a pair), belts ($7.00) and high heels ($10.00 a pair).

It must've taken a long time for her to write all this out in longhand. To my mind it showed that she takes a personal interest in her clients. She also included a color Polaroid of her enticing, yet delicate-looking, spread pussy. Here was one of those shots where emphasis is on the garden of carnal delights (meaning the face wasn't even shown). A person could sell photos of anybody and claim it was hers, without you, the buyer, having the faintest notion of whether it really depicted the person you wrote to. But that's a chance you've got to take.

This babe's prices are slightly high (most of the photos cost between $7.00 and $10.00 for three shots), but she seems generous and eager to please. And besides, she's got a nice handwriting!

***

From the home state of our new president came this ad: "CLIMAX SHARING/ATLANTA. Attention females, TV's, fem gays, and gentle couples; I'm an attractive, very potent and well-endowed male. I want to share my orgasmic experiences with you via telephone or private stud shows. You listen or watch; I masturbate or make it with a partner. You need not be beautiful or young—just voyeuristic. No single straight males please." In all my hours of pornographic perusal I'd never come across anything quite like this so I wrote to JMA at Box 827, Atlanta, GA., 30301. His ad requested no money so I had only a couple of stamps to lose—and maybe a nifty phone call to gain!

He sent back a postcard saying he's been "quite hassled until recently and doesn't have a phone at present . . . will write again later." He didn't explain whether or not this meant the post office was bothering him, or if he had personal problems, or what. His card also contained this little verse that seems a perfect way to wrap things up this month:

people have the power now
to shatter sorry schemes
and ressurect a closer world
to sweet erotic dreams.

So long till next issue!!

MISTRESS ROSEANNE

(Continued from page 28)

cigarette in your slave's asshole? Do you cause blisters or is there a certain way to insert it? Please advise me on this.

I agree with you when you say there is a mutual respect between dominant ladies because I have much respect for you and seek your advice. Also, I think it is very generous of you to admit to Mistress Eileen that you would enjoy punishing her slave. As of yet, no other mistress has punished my slave only because I do not know any personally. However, I do think it would be courteous and respectful if one mistress offers her slave to another mistress for punishment. Don't you?

Like Mistress Eileen, I too would like very much to meet you. I hope to come to New York soon and would enjoy visiting you. If this materializes I'll bring my slave with me and offer him to you, so that you may pleasure yourself in punishing and humiliating him. One favor I will ask of you will be to punish him for sticking his soapy finger in my asshole. Would you describe what this punishment will be when you write your reply in your column?

I should also like to meet Terry Kolb. I think she is to be commended for what she enjoys. I think spanking her would be delicious. Have you ever spanked her? Please reply.

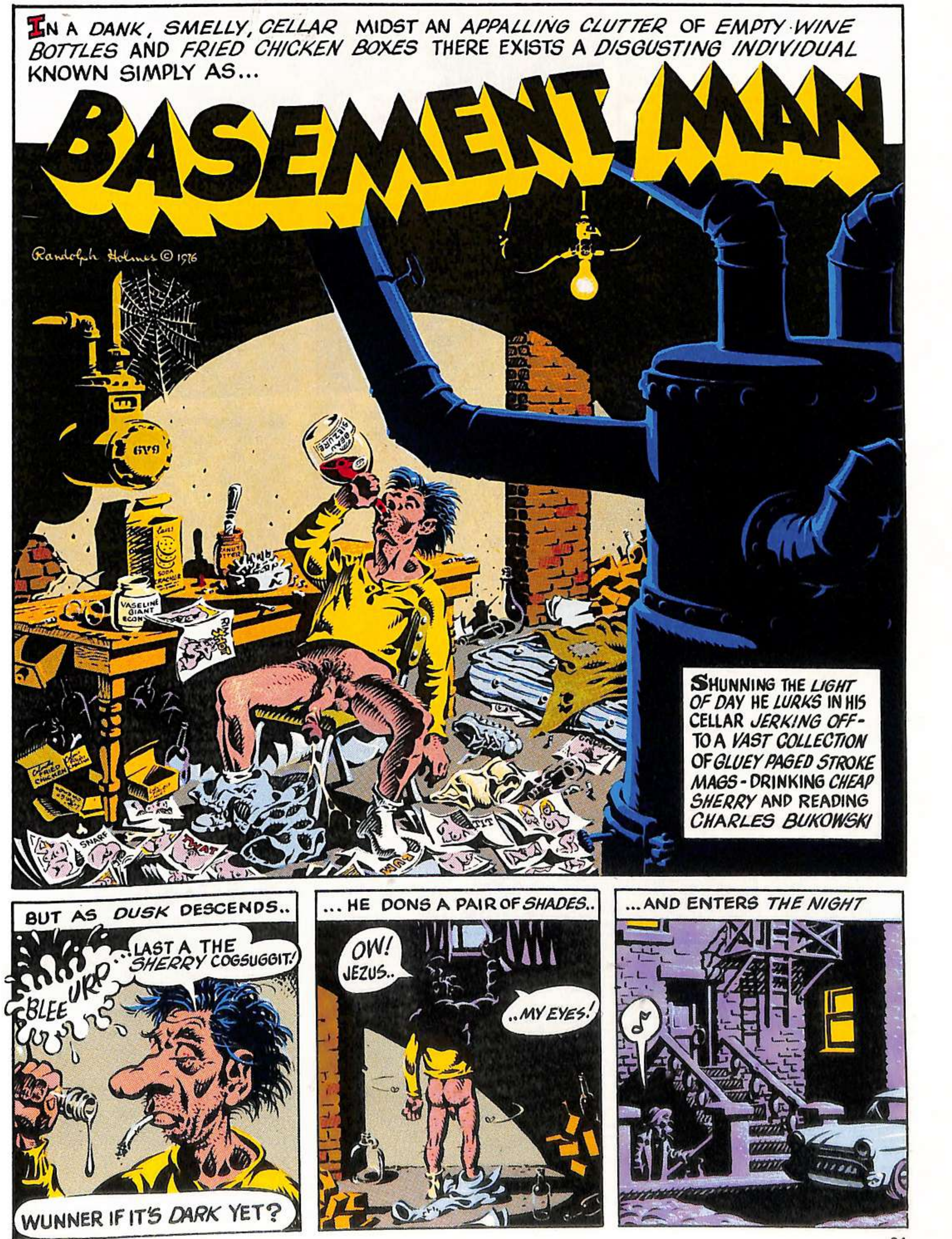
Respectfully,
Mistress June

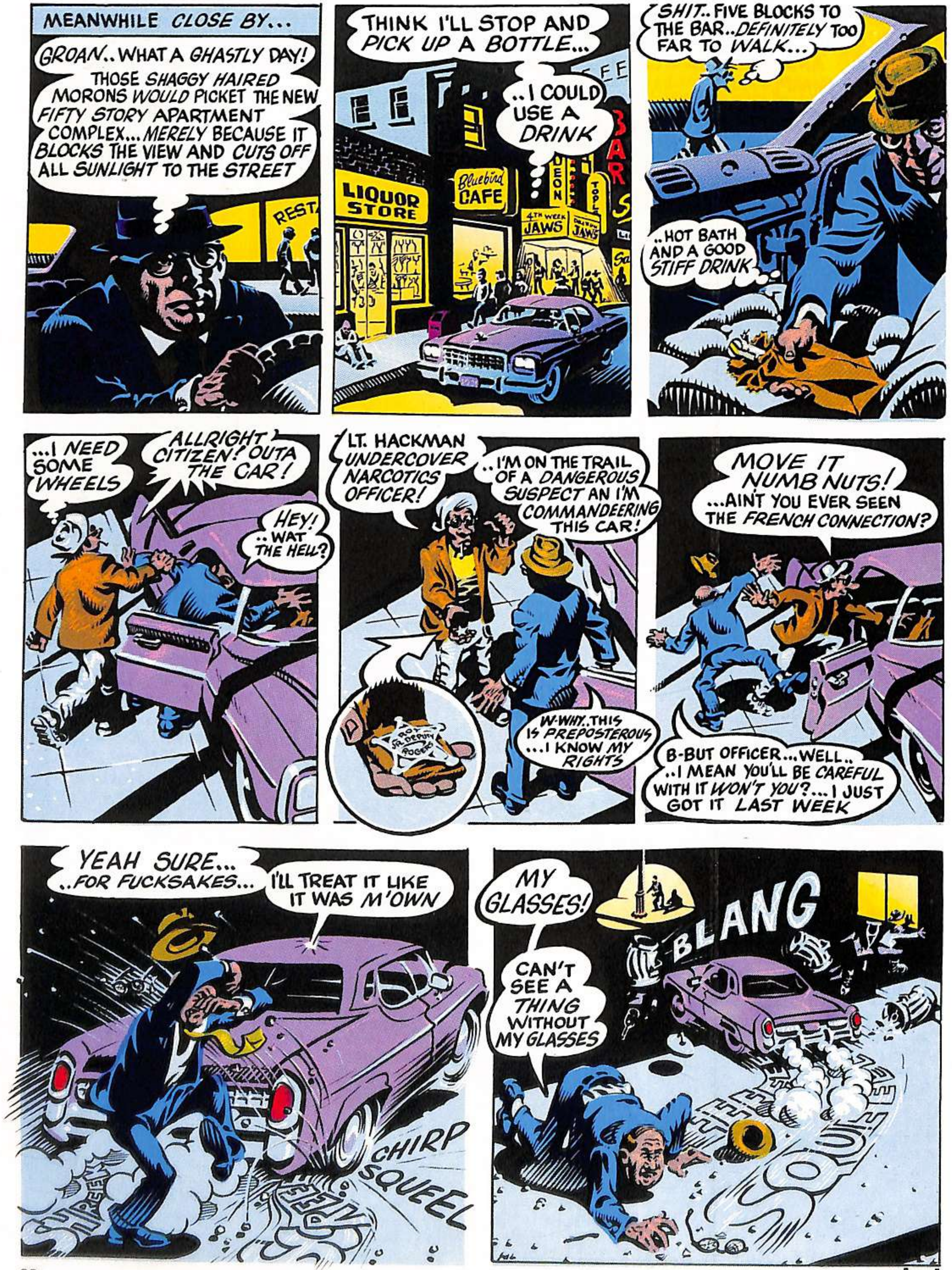
FANTASY AND FIRST AID

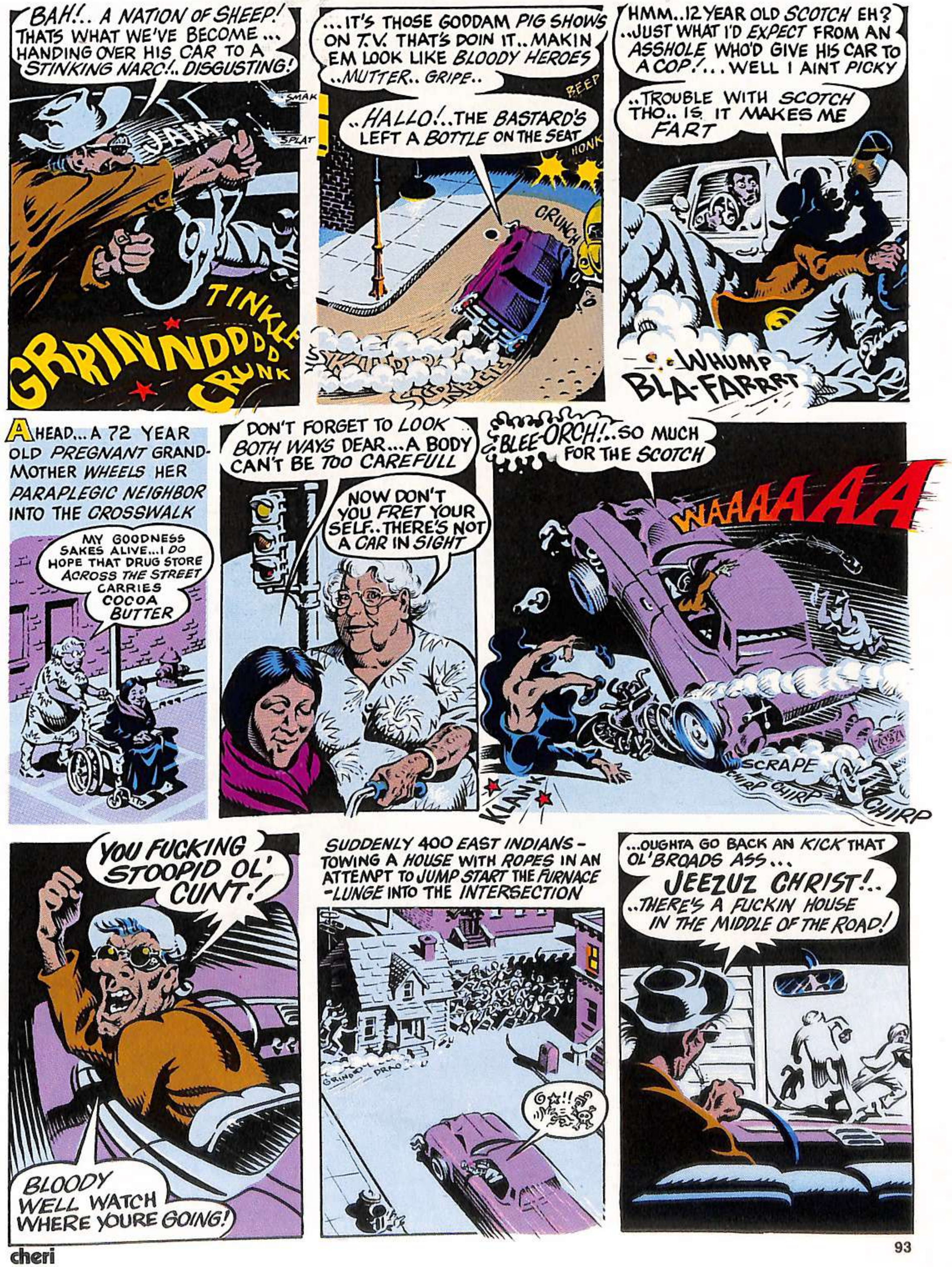
The man was bleeding badly from the rectum, and why? Because he had been remiss in telling the people with whom he was playing out his fantasy that he had severe hemmorrhoids. And they had neglected to ask in spite of knowing that his chief turn-on was to be ass-fucked.

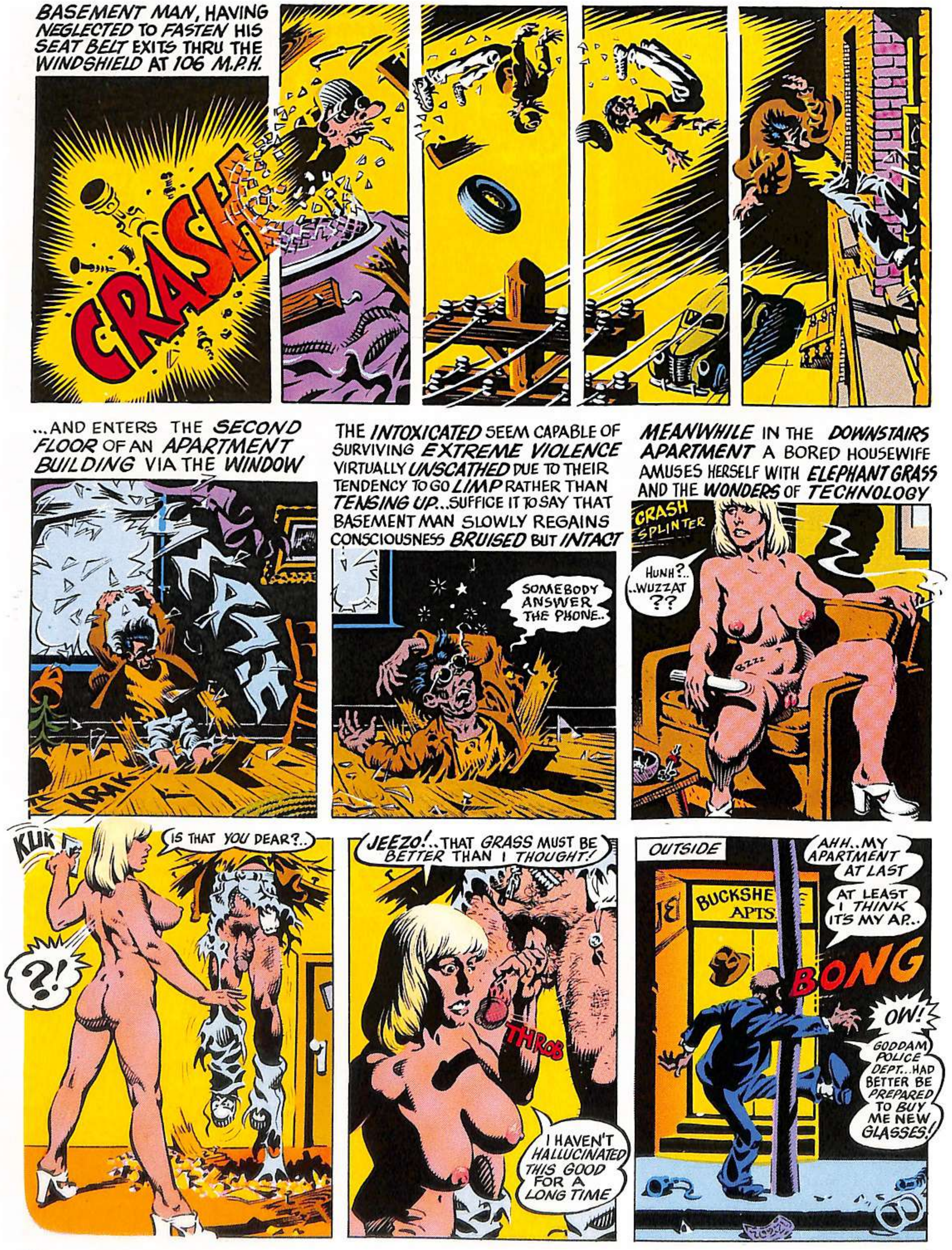
On another occasion a very quiet type, an easy-going gentleman, passed out cold in the middle of the game. The other three people in

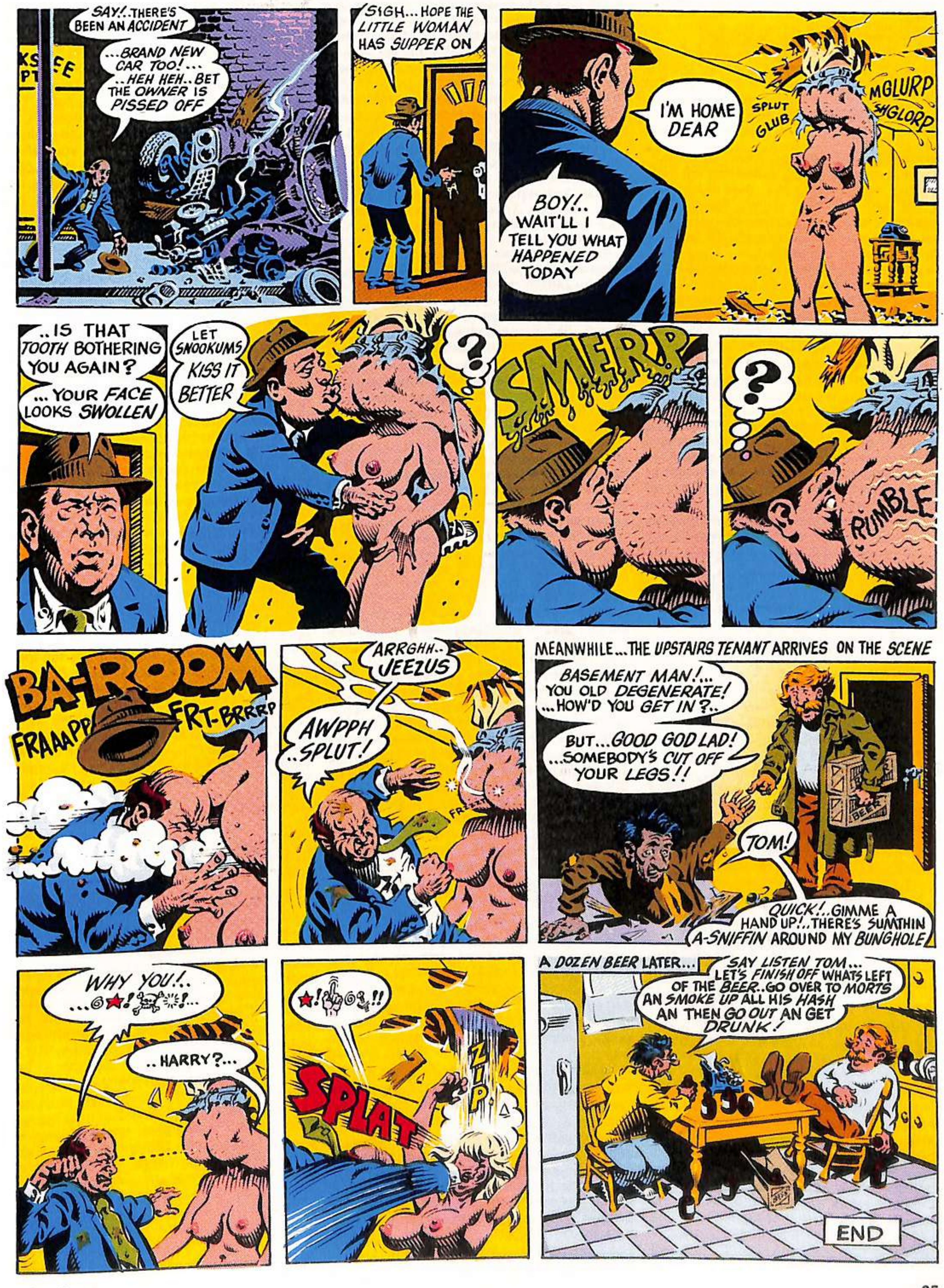
(Continued on page 96)


IN A DANK, SMELLY, CELLAR MIDST AN APPALLING CLUTTER OF EMPTY WINE BOTTLES AND FRIED CHICKEN BOXES THERE EXISTS A DISGUSTING INDIVIDUAL KNOWN SIMPLY AS...
BASEMENT MAN
Randolph Holmes © 1976
SHUNNING THE LIGHT OF DAY HE LURKS IN HIS CELLAR JERKING OFF-TO A VAST COLLECTION OF GLUEY PAGED STROKE MAGS - DRINKING CHEAP SHERRY AND READING CHARLES BUKOWSKI
VASELINE GIANT ECON.
SNARF
TWAT
RUM
BUT AS DUSK DESCENDS..
BLEE URP...
LAST A THE SHERRY COGSUGGIT!
WUNNER IF IT'S DARK YET?
... HE DONS A PAIR OF SHADES..
OW! JEZUS..
..MY EYES!
...AND ENTERS THE NIGHT
♪


MEANWHILE CLOSE BY...
GROAN.. WHAT A GHASTLY DAY!
THOSE SHAGGY HAIRED MORONS WOULD PICKET THE NEW FIFTY STORY APARTMENT COMPLEX... MERELY BECAUSE IT BLOCKS THE VIEW AND CUTS OFF ALL SUNLIGHT TO THE STREET
REST
THINK I'LL STOP AND PICK UP A BOTTLE...
..I COULD USE A DRINK
LIQUOR STORE
Bluebird CAFE
BAR
JAWS
4TH WEEK JAWS
SHIT.. FIVE BLOCKS TO THE BAR..DEFINITELY TOO FAR TO WALK...
..HOT BATH AND A GOOD STIFF DRINK
...I NEED SOME WHEELS
ALLRIGHT CITIZEN! OUTA THE CAR!
HEY! WAT THE HELL?
LT. HACKMAN UNDERCOVER NARCOTICS OFFICER!
..I'M ON THE TRAIL OF A DANGEROUS SUSPECT AN I'M COMMANDEERING THIS CAR!
W-WHY..THIS IS PREPOSTEROUS ...I KNOW MY RIGHTS
MOVE IT NUMB NUTS! ...AIN'T YOU EVER SEEN THE FRENCH CONNECTION?
B-BUT OFFICER...WELL.. ..I MEAN YOU'LL BE CAREFUL WITH IT WON'T YOU?...I JUST GOT IT LAST WEEK
YEAH SURE... ..FOR FUCKSAKES...
I'LL TREAT IT LIKE IT WAS M'OWN
CHIRP
SQUEEL
MY GLASSES!
CAN'T SEE A THING WITHOUT MY GLASSES
BLANG
SQUEEL


BAH!.. A NATION OF SHEEP! THATS WHAT WE'VE BECOME... HANDING OVER HIS CAR TO A STINKING NARC!.. DISGUSTING!
SMAK
SPLAT
TINKLE
GRRINNDDD
CRUNK
...IT'S THOSE GODDAM PIG SHOWS ON T.V. THAT'S DOIN IT.. MAKIN EM LOOK LIKE BLOODY HEROES ..MUTTER.. GRIPE..
BEEP
..HALLO!..THE BASTARD'S LEFT A BOTTLE ON THE SEAT
HONK
CRUNCH
HMM...12 YEAR OLD SCOTCH EH? ..JUST WHAT I'D EXPECT FROM AN ASSHOLE WHO'D GIVE HIS CAR TO A COP!... WELL I AINT PICKY
..TROUBLE WITH SCOTCH THO.. IS IT MAKES ME FART
WHUMP
BLA-FARRRT
AHEAD... A 72 YEAR OLD PREGNANT GRANDMOTHER WHEELS HER PARAPLEGIC NEIGHBOR INTO THE CROSSWALK
MY GOODNESS SAKES ALIVE...I DO HOPE THAT DRUG STORE ACROSS THE STREET CARRIES COCOA BUTTER
DON'T FORGET TO LOOK BOTH WAYS DEAR... A BODY CAN'T BE TOO CAREFULL
NOW DON'T YOU FRET YOUR SELF..THERE'S NOT A CAR IN SIGHT
BLEE-ORCH!..SO MUCH FOR THE SCOTCH
WAAAAAA
SCRAPE
CHIRP CHIRP
CHIRP
KLANK
YOU FUCKING STOOPID OL' CUNT!
BLOODY WELL WATCH WHERE YOURE GOING!
SUDDENLY 400 EAST INDIANS - TOWING A HOUSE WITH ROPES IN AN ATTEMPT TO JUMP START THE FURNACE - LUNGE INTO THE INTERSECTION
...OUGHTA GO BACK AN KICK THAT OL'BROADS ASS...
JEEZUZ CHRIST!.. ..THERE'S A FUCKIN HOUSE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD!


BASEMENT MAN, HAVING NEGLECTED TO FASTEN HIS SEAT BELT EXITS THRU THE WINDSHIELD AT 106 M.P.H.
CRASH
...AND ENTERS THE SECOND FLOOR OF AN APARTMENT BUILDING VIA THE WINDOW
KRAK
THE INTOXICATED SEEM CAPABLE OF SURVIVING EXTREME VIOLENCE VIRTUALLY UNSCATHED DUE TO THEIR TENDENCY TO GO LIMP RATHER THAN TENSING UP..SUFFICE IT TO SAY THAT BASEMENT MAN SLOWLY REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS BRUISED BUT INTACT
SOMEBODY ANSWER THE PHONE..
MEANWHILE IN THE DOWNSTAIRS APARTMENT A BORED HOUSEWIFE AMUSES HERSELF WITH ELEPHANT GRASS AND THE WONDERS OF TECHNOLOGY
CRASH SPLINTER
HUNH?.. ..WUZZAT ??
BZZZ
KLIK
IS THAT YOU DEAR?..
?!
JEEZO!..THAT GRASS MUST BE BETTER THAN I THOUGHT!
THROB
I HAVEN'T HALLUCINATED THIS GOOD FOR A LONG TIME
OUTSIDE
AHH..MY APARTMENT AT LAST
AT LEAST I THINK IT'S MY AP..
BUCKSHE APTS
BONG
OW!
GODDAM POLICE DEPT...HAD BETTER BE PREPARED TO BUY ME NEW GLASSES!


SAY!..THERE'S BEEN AN ACCIDENT
...BRAND NEW CAR TOO!... ..HEH HEH..BET THE OWNER IS PISSED OFF
SIGH...HOPE THE LITTLE WOMAN HAS SUPPER ON
I'M HOME DEAR
SPLUT GLUB
MGLURP SHGLORP
BOY!.. WAIT'LL I TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED TODAY
..IS THAT TOOTH BOTHERING YOU AGAIN? ...YOUR FACE LOOKS SWOLLEN
LET SNOOKUMS KISS IT BETTER
?
SMERP
?
RUMBLE
BA-ROOM
FRAAAPP
FRT-BRRRP
ARRGHH.. JEEZUS
AWPPH ..SPLUT!
MEANWHILE...THE UPSTAIRS TENANT ARRIVES ON THE SCENE
BASEMENT MAN!.. YOU OLD DEGENERATE! ...HOW'D YOU GET IN?..
BUT...GOOD GOD LAD! ...SOMEBODY'S CUT OFF YOUR LEGS!!
TOM!
QUICK!..GIMME A HAND UP!..THERE'S SUMTHIN A-SNIFFIN AROUND MY BUNGHOLE
WHY YOU!.. ...@★!☠!..
..HARRY?...
★!@$!!
SPLAT
ZIP
A DOZEN BEER LATER...
SAY LISTEN TOM... LET'S FINISH OFF WHATS LEFT OF THE BEER..GO OVER TO MORTS AN SMOKE UP ALL HIS HASH AN THEN GO OUT AN GET DRUNK!
END

ROSEANNE

(Continued from page 90)

attendance could have panicked and would have, if one of the young ladies had not kept her head. First untying him, then laying him out flat with his feet slightly raised, she proceeded with mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. What was the problem? He was an alcoholic and no one knew it.

A young lady once became hysterical while playing. Again there were four people involved. At one point something happened that reminded her of an unpleasant childhood experience. There was no way any of the participants could have known this would develop. However, what do you do when these things happen? Mainly, you keep your head.

Dear Mistress June,

The preceding are factual accounts of what can and what has happened to various people that I know while playing S & M games. Why do these things happen? For any number of reasons, some of which we are capable of avoiding through conscious awareness. Some of these things cannot be avoided. Tell me, what would you do if you saw someone hit by a car, or a child fall downstairs? Number One Cardinal Rule: do not panic, keep your head. Never do anything to anyone that you cannot deal with personally. In other words, think to yourself, 'How will this particular punishment feel, and can he or she deal with it?' I am not implying that you attempt to be masochistic. Only that you make it a point to relate as closely as possible to what is happening to your slave. In doing this there is less danger in your taking them too far.

I agree with you . . . that if the whipping is for punishment (and it is not painful) it is of little or no value. Thus, you would be wasting your time and effort. I caution you, however, on what you use.

To whip his back and stomach, remember there are damagable organs. A kidney or gall bladder struck improperly could be lost; therefore, choose your toys accordingly. The light whip you speak of must be made of thongs. I have one of these also. Try knitting the tips. You'll find it much more effective.

Since your slave does not appreciate your urine flowing directly to his mouth, next time pee in a jar or glass container. Allow it to stand out and get cold, then have him drink it slowly, making him hold it in his mouth for long periods of time. I also know of a young lady in England who breaks up bread into a doggie dish, pours her pee over it and makes her slave eat like a pet. I would add to this tying his hands behind his back for a more discomforting, and for you, entertaining game.

After he has learned to do exactly as he is told by you, then for his pleasure, you may find it more acceptable to have him lie flat out in the tub. This way, in case he dribbles, the mess will be more confined.

When using a slave for an ashtray, no, I would not use his ass. Admittedly, I would like to. However, do not butt it on the palm. The heel is a better design for this function. Oh, by the way, you may also find he would make a good foot stool or chair, either for yourself or for one of your guests. See that he is only leaning on one hand. The other sould be out palm upward for your ashtray. And last, but hardly least, the punishment that I personally would administer for his invasion of your body during bathing you: If you know someone who smokes cigars, have them save you the tubes these cigars come in. They are generally made of plastic or metal. Fill them with cold water and put in the freezer until frozen solid. They make a great dildo. Insert and let that stupid asshole that you call a slave know what anal discomfort is. I suggest you leave it in place until the ice completely melts.

Yes, Terry Kolb and I are good friends. I have a great deal of admiration and respect for this very fine lady. And yes, I have had the pleasure of whipping her. I would venture to say she is THE heaviest masochist I have ever met. I have yet to meet a male masochist who is as much a purist as Terry; what's more she is a totally submissive and a very sexy gal. So next time you're in New York, Terry and I have first dibbs on your ass, Sugar, and I say sincerely I'm looking forward to it.

TWIN CITY TWAT

(Continued from page 29)

dog-fucking submissive.

Our latest swinging scene was with a couple from St. Paul and although it wasn't the greatest for me, John and Sue had a terrific time. I had a terrible cold on the night they were coming over and was really down in the dumps. During the initial conversation I let it be known that I wasn't into any sex for that night. Did you ever try to suck cock or eat pussy with a stuffed-up nose? Mike and Sue, the other couple, were very understanding but weren't going to leave until they had some hot action. Mike suggested that John and then next his partner Sue, come into the bedroom and get into some action we could watch. Mike and I sat talking for a while until I'd thought we'd given John and Sue enough time to get things rolling. I told Mike I was going in to check out the action but some baseball game had begun and he got into that. Well, I figured we both were going to enjoy a ball game. . . . Anyway, I walked into the bedroom and watched John do a number on Sue's box that was driving her wild. He ate her for about five minutes till she had her ass about six inches up in the air and was jerking as though she was trying to screw John's tongue. She was moaning so loud and screaming with such passion, I was sure the whole building knew what was going on. After a few moments she got between John's legs and started to suck him off. She looked as though she was a real pro by the way she managed to slide his large tool in and out of her wet mouth. John was fucking her mouth like a cunt and when he shot off he gave a lunge that sent his cock right down her throat.

She was unable to swallow and his cum ran out of her mouth, down his cock and into his hair. After he had given her his full load she went down and licked him clean. She then sat up, looking at me and asked if I'd like to be next, but I told her I'd wait until I was feeling better. We all went bck into the living room and found Mike engrossed in the game. Sue sat next to him, pulled his cock out and gave him a blowjob while John and I watched. Lying in bed after they had left I thought about the scene I had witnessed and got so hot I had to take care of myself with a vibrator. God, I love those electronic love devices. I also love to use them while I'm getting fucked by a big piece of meat, and then have some chick rub them all over my titties. . . . I'd better stop now, I'm getting too hot. See you next month. Love ya, LYNN.

THE GIRL WHO'S DONE EVERYTHING

(Continued from page 53)

year, had formed a very solid basis for their "communal," "open" marriage.

"Sure, we swing with our friends—what are they for? Being straight is really a drag and a half. Can you imagine being at some orgy or something and while you're being banged by this stud you accidently touch a girl's nipple or cunt and are repulsed, or worse—feel guilty? Ridiculous. My husband is a musician and has a really terrific band called The Twinkees. We've been having this ongoing affair with the guitarist for many years but I don't think he's liberated enough to marry us."

After her initial introduction to public nudism and lust, Alexzandra and husband split Philadelphia, heading for greener pastures and pockets in New York. There, after sitting through countless performances by her stripper idol, Angelique, she created her own burlesque act and Nina-Marie—a stripping, bumping, grinding burlesque star—was born.

"Being in show business was fun After a couple of months I had to call it quits, though . . . sore feet and complete exhaustion. Imagine . . . a burlesque has-been at 18."

It seems that all the young ladies, wayward and otherwise, who find themselves in our offices as though zeroed in by some horny homing device, have at one time or another rocked, rolled and strutted their stuff at these palaces of pulsating pudendas. They're filled with career girls, college students and other sharp sweeties who figure it's a better way to make some bread than waitressing or being a sales girl. An interesting sociological aside —but back to Alexzandra.

It would seem inevitable that such a tender morsel would soon be "discovered" by some sleaze-time New York producer and true to form she was. *Vampire Lust*, her favorite yet-to-be released flick, according to our nymphet, "should make me a big star."

Now aren't you glad you read this profile on such an astonishing young lady. People are always saying that young kids today are throwing away their lives but as you can see here in CHERI magazine, this is indeed not always the case. We all hope that Alexzandra continues to raunchily ramble through life, enjoying every moist and meaty second of it. Actually, as you read these words she is probably free-form fucking through Paree, gay or otherwise, having the time of her tender life. Alexzandra, wherever you are, we at CHERI wish you luck—though we very much doubt you'll need it.

SWING SHIFT

(Continued from page 27)

meet some interesting people and maybe get something together on a couple-to-couple basis or arrange something for a future date. Parties originating from the clubs are rare. This is because a large majority of Island swingers are married and they must arrange to have the kids or the in-laws out of the house to party. For this reason, parties are usually arranged weeks in advance and the participants never make it to the club that night. The parties, when they happen, can be as wild and fun packed as those in Manhattan!! So, if you want to be guaranteed a party stick to the city, but you want to meet a whole new crowd who avoid the city rat-race, yet are still a hot-blooded bunch, try the Long Island clubs. See you next month.

Swingingly,
Susan LeBeau

P.S. Our readers and friends are requested to help us keep this column going strong. Although we are two active people, we can't be everywhere covering everything. We therefore welcome your assistance in the form of correspondence, club news, info on private parties, special events and anything related to the swinging movement, pro or con. Please write!

Love to you all,
Susan & Marc LeBeau

COFFEE, TEA OR PINK?

(Continued from page 30)

propped me against the lavatory sink. Although I have a talent for worming my way into any situation, it was virtually impossible to squeeze both halves of my bountiful buns in, so I sort of let one spill over and managed to hold myself up by hooking my toes onto the flusher. My friends, innocently ignorant of my discomfort, splayed my thighs and took turns driving into me and sucking on my tits. Every once in a while I needed a little extra moisture, so I pushed in the soap plunger and rubbed some soap into my cunt. This resulted in a much smoother ride for all.

These guys were real pros. It would be fair to say (no pun intended) that I was on Cloud 9. Although I was vaguely concerned with the condition of my hopelessly mashed uniform and feared that my nappy little jacket was in imminent danger of having a torrent of cum juice spurted over it, I figured what-the-hell, and happily leaned back as far as my cramped quarters would permit. Every few moments the plane would dip sharply, which would cause whoever was perched on my tit to bite down too hard . . . and whoever was up my cunt practically pierced my belly. But that's all part of mile-high fucking.

After the impromptu party ended we all collapsed into a heap on the tiles and conveniently grabbed for some toilet paper to wipe the cum from our hopelessly splattered limbs. I closed my eyes but within moments the ding, dong, ding of the "No Smoking, Fasten Seatbelts" signal came ringing through our airborne passion pit. Although my ass burned and my legs ached I dutifully bounced up, slipped on my uniform (hopelessly wrinkled), and straightend my jacket. With a quick kiss for each of my friends, I slipped out.

As I scurried about doing my duties in the coach section, I could feel various passengers eyeing my disheveled appearance, but I couldn't care less 'cause I was feeling the thick warm cum collecting and beginning to travel slowly down my thighs.

After the plane landed I slipped back into first-class to find George and Paul already gone. They did, however, leave me their business cards. It turned out that they were members of a very chic law firm in L.A.

I figured that at the next stew meeting I'd pass around their cards and hopefully one of the other girls would have the opportunity to enjoy the delights of these two A-rated sky-high studs. Until the next flight . . . remember to Fly Me . . . I'm Horny. Bye now.

BLUE MOVIE-GOER'S GUIDE

(Continued from page 17)

STAR TWIN CINEMA: N.W. 79th Street & 30th Avenue (691-8668)
ALL-MALE CASTS/
21 STREET CINEMA 1: 2039 Collins Avenue (534-4060)
79TH STREET TWIN: 135 N.E. 79th Street (757-1211)

Miami may have its ups and downs in terms of the hooker scene, but there's a virtual extravaganza of X-rated films for every taste. The week I was there, for instance, drive-in delights ran from "Sexual Freedom in the Ozarks" to a three-feature bill starting with "Le Body Shop." Classy, full-length features such as C.J. Laing's "Anyone But My Husband" and the supposedly 'original, uncut' "Deep Throat" were within loitering distance of the finer hotels.

There are no live sex shows, of course, but there is the wonderful 'sexual musical' "Let My People Come" at the Copa in Fort Lauderdale, a short drive north. If it is the same version I saw in New York, the show is one hilarious nude romp with beautiful bodies running up and down the aisles—probably with good tans, now that they're in Florida.

Those with a taste for gay male films—which definitely includes me, as what is more seductive to a woman than the sight of a virile, naked body in pursuit of same?—will be gratified by the news that there's at least three all-male movie theatres downtown. I can't claim to have visited any one of them, but, judging by the condition of the burlesque houses, which are so much cleaner and more comfortable than those in New York, I imagine they're much less sleazy, too.

All these tasty numbers are advertised right along with "Godzilla and the Bionic Monster" on the entertainment pages, so you needn't buy a special sex newspaper—I didn't see one, anyway—in pursuit of your pleasure.

FANNE

(Continued from page 22)

tastes. The resultant hue and cry was right out of the Victoria era. "Topless bathing will add to the lust of the flesh!" thundered one upright citizen, adding it would also "further promote moral decay." The City Council received so much self-righteous squawking—myself, I'd rather listen to the gulls—from the retirees who largely run the city that the whole deal was passed off for study by another committee.

Topless bathing! And yet, one can see any blue film one wants to, or, depending on your budget, spend a happy hour with a tanned beauty who knows—and pays—all the better bellboys. You can see some sizzling burlesque and some of the most truly talented strippers I've seen on a stage, or you can get rolled in one of the tackier meat-rack bars along Biscayne Boulevard. I would not call Miami a wide-open town—as a matter of fact I found it a good six or seven years behind California in sexual sophistication. But the whole accent is on fun, and the vibes are good—the whole city really does want you to cast off your cares and have a good time. But whatever you do—don't cast off your bathing suit!

Sincerely, I had a wonderful time there. The people were warm, friendly, intimate and generous. The high crime situation that often goes along with a raunchy sex area is all but completely absent, although I was advised on some occasions to watch my purse. I'd say if you wanted to pick a solidly middle-class, middle-of-the-road city in which to get liberated, Miami's a very good bet.

My observations, I'm telling you right now, are completely candid. CHERI is not being paid off by any of the places we visited, nor am I. Everyone was gracious and cordial, realizing we could send some favorable publicity their way, but that's all. I think you'll see that I don't mind telling you what tourist traps to avoid, and what delicate situations require a special sensitivity you may not want to extend. I am not the most liberated woman in North America, and if a scene turns me off, I'll tell you.

But generally I found Miami sex to be so light-hearted—sometimes, as in the case of Freaky Freddie's nudist club, a downright laff-riot—that there's no way even a maiden aunt could take offense. I am not so enchanted with police enforcement, but you'll get the particulars there with the individual side articles. I will say they never troubled me—but they have caused some extreme discomfort to people I've met whom I now consider to be good friends.

If there's something you'd like CHERI to cover—or uncover—in your city, drop us a line.

"COME ONCE, YOU'LL COME AGAIN"

(Continued from page 16)

full bottle—must have been firmly convinced they were also made to make you howl. From the mistletoe dangling in the doorway to the check marks on the Kama Sutra position posters, Miami's 'adult' overnight spot is plotted to take you somewhere you've never been before—especially if you yourself were firmly convinced joints like this existed only in Tuesday Weld's earlier B-flicks.

If you never thought that sex was funny stuff before, you've got to drive in under the neo-Vegas billboard and let your mind go. The night we cruised in we were immediately taken almost twenty years back in time—there, ensconsed in a fire-engine-red Corvette while her boyfriend registered, was a platinum blonde in the classic American Bandstand beehive, pouting. There is the possibility that they'd been driving up and down Route 1 for years, just looking for a spot where they'd fit in.

Okay, the Bon Soir. It's a family-run motel, quite clean, where you really can have one hell of a lot of fun. The king-size water—the owners are very proud of this, claiming that their competition only has one tacky little looking-glass over the bed—and your TV runs insane films about rampaging gorillas and nubile nymphets in heat. Whatever you do, don't bring the kiddies—unless they've reached the age of consent.

Listen, if you don't get off on this place, you're either embalmed or extremely discreet. Every room even has individual controls, so you can turn up the heat, turn down the lights and pretend you're two dolphins running around the aquarium. Later on you can rinse off in the pool in the back. The Fountainbleu it's not, but if you want cheap thrills on the funky side in a time warp, it's the best. So be their guest.

AMOROUS APPARATUSES

(Continued from page 22)

and S&M be sure and check out what's behind the beaded curtains. Stores are open from 10 a.m.-6 p.m., Monday thru Saturday.

Patti and Barbara are charming, hip Miami women who operate three 'pleasure boutiques' in the city. Despite the insane, inane laws of Dade County, such as the one that was passed this last July against the sale of leather items, they are very popular and you'd be crazy about them. "The community *loves* my stores!" Patti herself explained to me between sales. "I'm on first-name basis with most of my customers. These women have always wanted access to so many things I sell—but there was no place they could buy them without feeling embarrassed. Along with my lingerie and leather items—I design a lot of it myself—we've got a great variety of sex aids, vibrators, dildos, oils, lotions, all kinds of toys, films and magazines . . ."

Of course I was entranced with her very showy lingerie, which is handmade and runs from $1 to $75. The more private items are sold—and wrapped—in the back room, so customers feel free to bring the kiddies with them and sit them in the front.

Like so many entrepreneurs in the sex biz, Patti feels that she's doing her part for the great revolution—and even if she didn't feel like a crusader originally, the laughable arm of the law has certainly pushed her into the pose. Arrested in front of probing TV cameras by *twelve* policemen, she and Barbara were later acquitted on the charge of selling pornography. "And get this," she says, still furious, "when I asked who'd made the complaint to bring about police action—it turned out to be a *wife* of one of the cops! Out of a city of two million people!"

The store was stocked anew and she's prospered ever since. "Life here is definitely loosening up, in spite of the laws of Dade County. My customers are very open now—they'll say, I want precisely this style, I don't care for that. And not the least bit shy about buying the hot stuff . . . stockings and garter belts are the fastest movers. Peek-a-boo bras are another big number—men love to buy them for their girlfriends."

Lots of Patti's customers are swingers, so she keeps a bulletin board of running swap meets in the back room. But I think, in a playpen like this full of toys to turn each other on, who needs outside stimulation? Or, when you get right down to it, even a man? A girl and her fantasies could spend a delirious couple of months just plugged into that back room.

ROCK WORLD

(Continued from page 12)

New York. Helen does not suffer assholes gladly, and it must've hit her early on that she was a hell of a lot more talented than most people she knew. She could really sing, not just screech in rhythm like a lot of other boring rock chickadees. Her voice is a soaring, sultry, occasionally snotty instrument that just wipes you out.

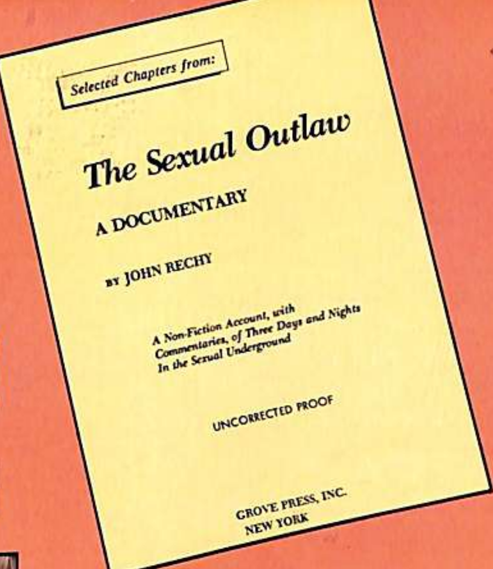
Helen has suffered a lot of bruises in her life. Her boyfriends have included assorted marauders, bikers, wandering outlaw-artists and other types not usually associated with tender stability. They have left some beautiful memories and some savage scars. Her love songs are full of loss, without the shadow of a lyrical cliche. When you can forge pain into something approximating her triumphant "Kiss Off," you're ready to get the message out. There are any number of intense, artso-fartso, 'freaked-out' girls around, now that Patti Smith has legitimized the form. But Helen is the only genuine artist in their midst.

Strutting down Second Avenue in her leather and spurs, irresistible, she doesn't need any hype-happy press agent to sell her as a sex symbol for the Seventies. Now she is putting together a band, writing a book, finishing up a few more songs, and transforming the events of her life into comprehensible superstardom. She deserves it for her no-bullshit attitude alone.

COCONUT
LEMON CREAM
CHERRY
CUSTARD
Wenzel

"No wonder they call your husband Simple, Mrs. Simon."

UP AND CUMMING



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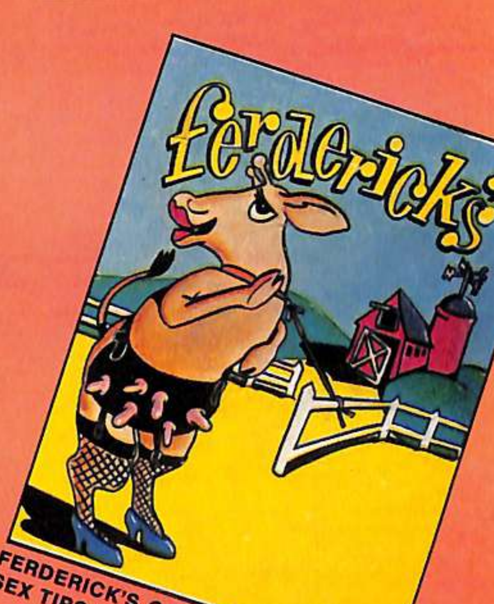

FERDERICK'S OF FARMLAND: SEX TIPS FOR THE SENSUAL BESTIALIST

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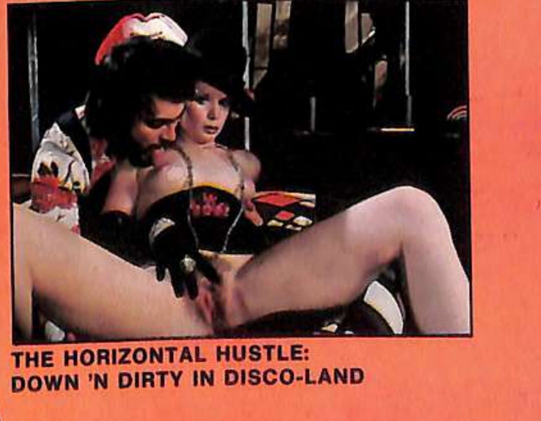

THE HORIZONTAL HUSTLE: DOWN 'N DIRTY IN DISCO-LAND

THE GYPSY